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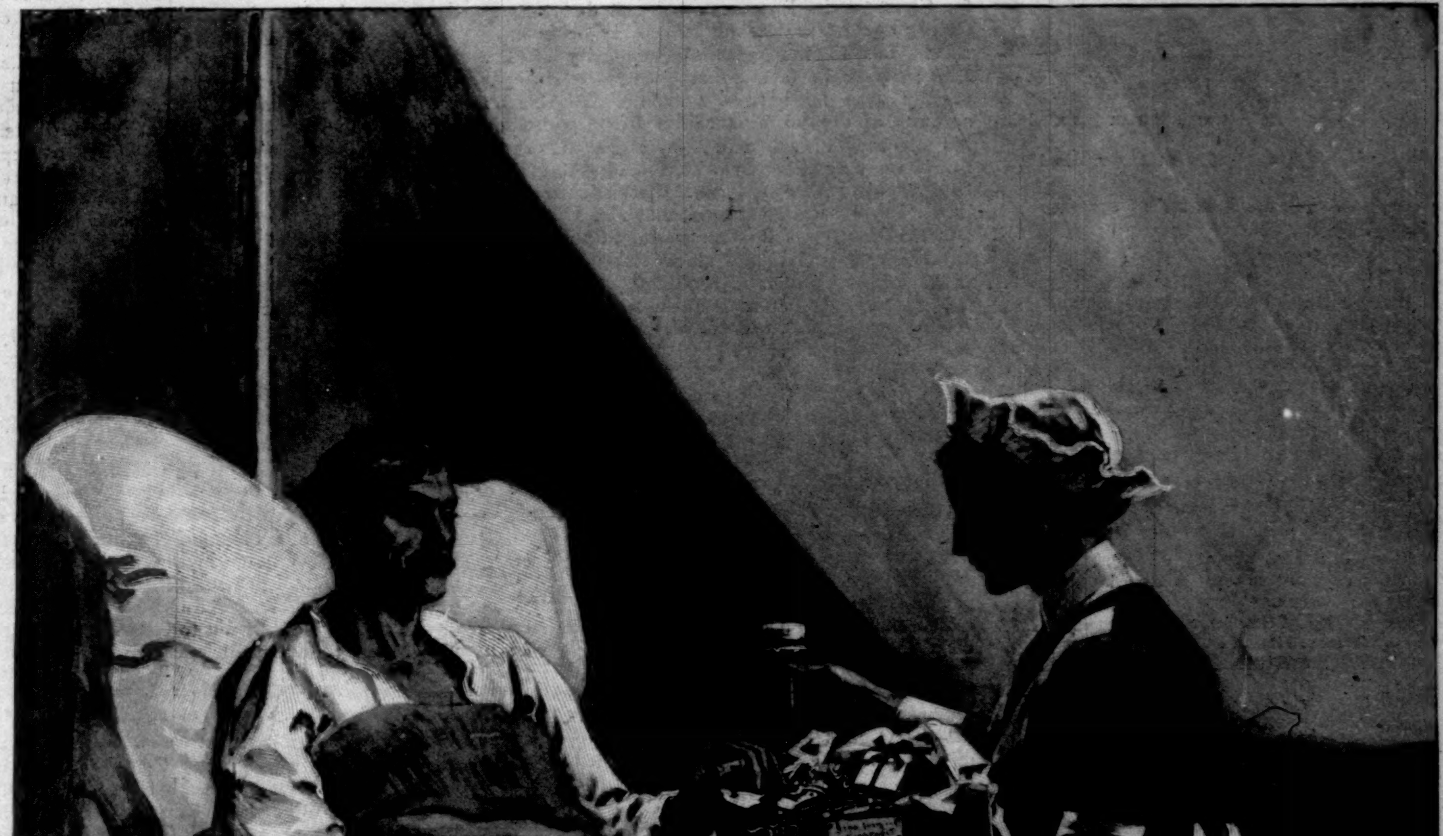

A CHRISTMAS BOX FROM HOME.

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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NOTICE.—*In order that this special Christmas Number may be complete in itself, the regular instalment of the Serial Story, "The Awkward Age," by* HENRY JAMES, *is omitted this week, but will be continued in the next Number.*

THE Secretary of the Treasury has come to be a believer in subsidies for steamships, and in the policy of restricted trade to ships of American register between this country, Puerto Rico, and Hawaii. We have expressed our opinion more than once upon these policies, and especially the latter. Mr. GAGE is proposing that the republic shall adopt the colonial policy which was England's in 1776, the consequence of which was the loss of her most important American colonies and the establishment of this government. It is also the colonial policy which Spain has pursued, with results which are so recent that their lesson ought to have impressed Mr. GAGE more deeply. We believe that the policy which he advocates is destined, if adopted, to prove disastrous.

GOVERNOR TANNER'S indictment by the grand jury of Macoupin County, Illinois, is not to be rejoiced over as an act of virtue which has been directed against the illegal and rebellious conduct of the Governor of a great State. Governor TANNER is unfit for the office which he occupies, and he ought to be removed from it. But in removing him from it the people of Illinois should respect the law as he has contemned and outraged it. The chief executive of the nation or of a great State cannot be prosecuted for his conduct as a private individual can be. He is not amenable to the ordinary criminal processes of the State. The way to punish the Governor is through his impeachment, and not through an indictment; and those who would be glad to punish TANNER, who is possibly the greatest criminal who ever held the gubernatorial office in this country, ought to be especially careful of the methods which they adopt, for example's sake, if for nothing else.

THE New York Chamber of Commerce, through its committee, of which GUSTAV H. SCHWAB is chairman, has memorialized the President to invite the maritime powers of the world "to attend an international congress for the purpose of considering and adopting rules providing for the freedom from capture of private property on the sea, whether belonging to neutrals or non-combatant citizens of belligerent nations, except in the case of contraband of war or violation of a blockade." This is something that ought to have been done years ago, when the conditions of warfare on land were ameliorated, and when the barbarism of pillage was put an end to. One of our most distinguished jurists, Judge BRAWLEY of the District Court of the United States, sitting in Charleston, South Carolina, has lately, in a prize case which came before him, given strong expression to what is doubtless the sentiment of civilization on this subject, and it is auspicious that the President has accepted the suggestion of the New York Chamber of Commerce, and has taken the first step in a proceeding which may add another laurel to the wreath which the United States has long been wearing for its achievements in the cause of peace, and for the introduction of humane principles into war.

WE are told that the result of the election for Governor in Minnesota was not due to any feeling against the Republican party or Senator DAVIS, but to the personal popularity of Mr. LIND; that, in fact, Senator DAVIS is stronger to-day than he ever was before, and this on account of the prominence he has attained by his advocacy of war and expansion. However much we may disagree with Senator DAVIS on these subjects, we are glad that statesmanship has won in Minnesota, and that Mr. DAVIS, an educated lawyer and a man who thinks on political questions like a trained statesman, is assured of his position in a contest threatened by money-bags. It has been too much the habit, of late years, to give the prize of the Senatorship to rich men, and although we have disagreed radically with Senator DAVIS, we believe that he has come sincerely to the view which he holds by intelligent study of the question. We often find those who oppose us on these questions denouncing us as un-American because we do not agree with them, and we are glad to take this opportunity to express the hope that we never will be found calling a fellow-citizen unpatriotic because he does not think as we do on a public question.

THERE is a strong feeling among some very excellent citizens of Chicago against general criticism of Mayor HARRISON. This feeling has been aroused by the Mayor's attitude toward certain street-railroad corporations which are seeking an extension of their franchises for fifty years. Mayor HARRISON, and the good people of Chicago generally, think that the corporations have purchased what is known as the "ring" in the Chicago Board of Aldermen, and the ring constitutes a majority. The feeling against these corruptionists is so strong that threats have been heard against their lives, and Mayor HARRISON himself is reported as saying that if there is any hanging going on in the city he will not "turn in the riot call." This alone ought to settle the question as to whether he is the proper chief magistrate for a great city in the nineteenth century, although his fight against corruption is doubtless commendable in being strong and vigorous, and directed against that which is dangerous to our municipal life everywhere in this country. But notwithstanding the favor which Mayor HARRISON has won among some of the clergy and best citizens of Chicago, we continue to think him a dangerous demagogue, who, in his fight against ALTGELD, is seeking the support of the very elements that made ALTGELD prominent and dangerous.

THE report of the Secretary of the Treasury, so far as it deals with the revenues and expenditures of the government, is very far from being satisfactory. We do not say this because the estimates show an expected deficiency at the end of the current fiscal year of $112,000,000, and for the fiscal year of 1900 a deficiency of a little more than $30,000,000. We shall have to expect deficiencies for some time to come, and doubtless an increase of the bonded debt will be made necessary by the excess of expenditures over revenues. But this report is unsatisfactory mainly for its indefiniteness. It is entirely guess-work. Treasury reports are always more or less predictions, but this year the certainty is so slight that it may truthfully be stated that there is really no approach to it in the figures which Mr. GAGE presents to the country. The cost of the military and naval establishments is to be increased so much that the army, for example, for the current year, is expected to cost nearly ten times what it cost before the war broke out, and in 1900 it is expected to cost nearly five times as much. This may or may not be true. As to the amounts which Mr. GAGE predicts, we fancy that in reality, if the present tendency of the country towards militarism and imperialism goes on, the cost of the army will be found to have been underestimated by the Secretary of the Treasury. But everything depends, after all, on what Congress decides to do in these directions, and while we may be sure that the cost of governing the country is to be greatly increased, we do not know within millions the amount of this increase.

THE MESSAGE ON OUR COLONIES.

THE President's reason for not discussing in his annual message the subject of governments for the new colonies is conclusive. The message is an official document, and therefore deals merely with facts and deductions from facts, with actual situations and existing conditions, and not with conjectures or possibilities, certainly not with the possible results and sequences of diplomatic negotiations which are nearing conclusion, and which have not yet resulted in a treaty which has been submitted to the Senate for ratification. It is evident that the President believes that the treaty will be ratified substantially as it has been agreed to by the Paris commissioners, for he speaks of "the new possessions which will come to us as the result of the war with Spain." Nevertheless, there is room for doubt, and it is quite possible that further consideration may weaken the expansionists, and certainly a public debate on the treaty in the Senate will not be helpful to their cause. Mr. MCKINLEY, indeed, may induce Senators who are really opposed to expansion to vote for it, on the theory that to vote against it is to vote for a renewal of the war. It ought to be borne in mind, however, that only Mr. MCKINLEY can renew the war, and that, unless he orders the navy to attack Spain, there may be a real peace even though the treaty of peace may fail, and we seriously doubt if he would ever carry such a threat into execution, for the reason that if he did, he alone would be responsible for the consequences.

However the effort to secure ratification may result, the country ought to have the privilege of considering this proposed new departure from our old traditions, and of passing upon it squarely. Let us have the issue in the next Presidential campaign. The right to judge and determine upon a proposition to change the very character of the republic ought not to be denied to the people, if there is any significance or any reality at all in popular government. We are not among those who believe that this country cannot grow to the stature of this or of any other undertaking in the nature of government; but we do believe that this undertaking will never pay for the trouble and the cost that will be imposed upon us by the effort to administer the affairs of distant and dependent peoples under our present form of government and with our present condition of politics. It may be that the assumption of the new responsibilities will hasten the establishment of a permanent official class of administrative officers, and will bring us more speedily to the abandonment of our protective policy and the establishment of free trade. But if these ends are desirable, they should be gained without burdening ourselves with otherwise undesirable possessions, and when they are actually gained through the necessity of meeting new responsibilities, those responsibilities will even then be none the more desirable. In the end, as now, they must be reckoned with at their true value. Moreover, whether expansion will be beneficial or injurious to us, it involves a departure from the traditional principles of the republic and a change in our form of government, including important radical amendments of the Constitution, which we have already described. Even the expansionists themselves frankly admit that the new colonies must be governed outside of the Constitution, and that the restraints imposed upon Congress for the protection of the rights and liberties of our citizens will not apply to the people of the new colonies.

A subject of this importance is essentially one for the consideration and decision of the people, because it is constitutional in its nature. There are certain subjects on which the politicians ought always to seek the mandate of the people, and this is one of them. There is nothing practical to be gained by the immediate ratification of this treaty. It may go over until after the next Presidential election without any resultant harm to the country. Indeed, to ratify a treaty necessitating such enormous changes in the very structure of our government before the next Presidential election would be to take an unfair advantage of the people. It would be something in the nature of a snap-judgment against the people, who, whether they eventually agree to the adoption of the policy of expansion or not, have the right to a full and free public discussion of the question, and an opportunity to declare their opinion after it has been intelligently and deliberately formed. Let ratification be delayed, but let there be a public debate on the treaty in the Senate and in the House of Representatives. Such a debate will be followed by a wider, and perhaps a more thorough, discussion on the platforms and in the press of the country. After that we shall all be willing to abide by the decision of the people, expressed in their choice between the rival candidates for the Presidency; and if the choice be for expansion, we shall all join in the effort to make the government fit its new duties and responsibilities. The issue of expansion is a better and a more honorable issue to hold over for 1900 than is the currency question.

If the treaty should not be ratified at once, the conditions would be the same in the Philippines as the President intends they shall be for a long time to come. His language as to Cuba is as follows: "Until there is complete tranquillity in the island and a stable government inaugurated, military occupation will be continued." He also says, as to all our other actual and possible colonial possessions, "Until Congress has legislated otherwise, it will be my duty to continue the military governments which have existed since our occupation, and give to the people security in life and property, and encouragement under a just and beneficent rule." We have no doubt that the military rule will be, as Mr. McKinley says, just and beneficent. It will be much better than any rule which the politicians can give these colonies under any laws that exist to-day. Indeed, there is no law under which civil government could be maintained in these islands, and if the treaty were to be ratified to-morrow, Congress would be obliged to pass a joint resolution authorizing the President to continue military rule until it could devise and enact a scheme of civil government. Therefore, even if the treaty be ratified, we may expect a continuance of military rule in the Philippines, Cuba, and Puerto Rico for several years to come. In view of the fact that, treaty or no treaty, the new colonies will be under military rule for some time, there is no reason for hasty ratification or for a denial of the right of the people to pronounce judgment on the scheme to change their form of government, which, until now that it has been questioned by the expansionists, has been considered by all Americans as the best government which human ingenuity has ever invented. Mr. McKinley need only follow up the reticence of his message by recommending the practical submission of this question to the people, after the manner that we have suggested. Such an act would be one of high statesmanship, by reason of which there would be no change of conditions in the manner of exercising control over our colonies whether expansion were finally agreed to or not, while the people of this country would thus secure the right to refuse to change their government—a right which is theirs by reason of the very nature of their political institutions.

THE MORAL OF TWO CAREERS.

The history of our politics has never taught the moral lesson more pointedly and effectively than in the downfall of Frank S. Black at the time of Theodore Roosevelt's elevation. Both are still young men, as youth is rated in public life; both are men of ability enough to adorn public station, and with a laudable ambition for high position; both possess strong personalities, and have sought success deliberately by well-considered courses of action. Each has tried his experiment long enough to test thoroughly the effectiveness of his methods, and the popular verdict has been rendered after full deliberation.

"The republic is opportunity." In no other relation of life is Garfield's oft-quoted declaration more frequently or more completely vindicated than in politics. The American people are not only ready to give a young and untried man a chance; they seem even anxious to welcome and encourage any new-comer who shows signs that he can do something if he is given a chance. The sudden rise of Grover Cleveland within three years, from the Mayoralty of a third-rate city beyond the borders of which he was hardly known when he became its executive, to the Presidency of the United States, is of itself enough to show how quick and rich may be the reward of public confidence, once it is won.

Black was the son of a poor farmer with a large family "down East"; he had the hardest kind of a struggle to get a college education and a law training; he had to make his own way when he began practice. His was the sort of boyhood, youth, and early manhood which has always been accounted, by the masses of our people, a good training for the bearing of large responsibilities later on; and they still, as of old, enjoy conferring what they deem a just reward for the homely virtues through which an ambitious spirit has risen from poverty, obscurity, and what would elsewhere be, practically, hopelessness. Bitter as the struggle had been by which Black, at forty, had obtained an assured position in his profession, there could hardly have been a better "campaign document" for an aspiring politician than the record of those forty years as a private citizen.

The present generation has not seen a case where a young man so suddenly leaped into so high a position, with such still greater possibilities before him, as when, two years ago, Mr. Black was elected Governor of New York by a majority immense beyond all precedent. He had never held any office beyond a still unfinished term as Representative in Congress, and as Executive of the Empire State he now became a national figure. It would be hard to name an official, below the President, who occupies so commanding a position as the Governor of New York. If the man chosen to this post have an individuality of his own, he can engage the attention of the American people, as witness Tilden and Cleveland, to cite no others.

Governor Black had convictions, and the courage of those convictions. He believed that political success was to be achieved through "practical politics." In the language of the practical politician, he "took no stock" in such ideals as civil service reform. He owed his nomination as Congressman to a notorious lobbyist, who later was the agent in securing his nomination for the Governorship. He believed that the Lou Payns had the Presidency within their grasp. So believing, Governor Black was cynical enough to proclaim his faith both in words and in actions, which spoke even louder than his words. In his inaugural address he proclaimed his intention to defy criticism as "intolerant clamor and irresponsible assault," and he ridiculed the careful work of years in improving the civil service by declaring himself in favor of "less starch." He made his unsavory sponsor insurance commissioner, against the earnest protests of the decent element in his party, and he reappointed a superintendent of public works whose selection by his predecessor had been a sad blot upon the latter's administration. He demoralized the merit system by forcing changes in the civil service law which rendered it little better than a farce.

All this, and much more of the same sort, Governor Black did openly and unblushingly, in the sincere belief, to all appearances, that the moral law had nothing to do with politics at the end of the nineteenth century. We had never seen precisely such an experiment tried before. There had been men enough who at heart accepted all that Mr. Black professed, but they had deemed it necessary to make pretences of something better. He acted everything out, because he was confident that the more open he was in his defiance the stronger he would become as a candidate for higher honors.

Governor Black had his own way, and made a thorough trial of his novel experiment. The result was his utter ruin. The appointment of Payn as head of the Insurance Department, the free rein given Aldridge in the Department of Public Works, the lowering of standards in the civil service, made a record so hopelessly bad that the Governor's party had no choice but to repudiate him. There was not a practical politician, outside those bound to him by personal ties, which rendered their opinion worthless, who did not see and admit that the renomination of Governor Black meant overwhelming defeat for the party. A candidate who had been elected by the extraordinary plurality of over 213,000 in 1896 had to be set aside in 1898 because of the record he had made in those two years.

The downfall of Governor Black under any circumstances would have been an impressive event. It was rendered doubly impressive by the fact that the immediate agent in that downfall was a man who had been his perfect antithesis. Colonel Roosevelt had won place after place by defiance of the professional politicians; he believed in more "starch" in the civil service; he had repeatedly demonstrated the sincerity of his independence; he accepted the moral law as the controlling force in human affairs—including politics. Because he was thus the antithesis of Governor Black, and only because he was, did Colonel Roosevelt stand any chance of rescuing his party from the defeat which threatened to overwhelm it. The "organization" of his party had to take him as its candidate or meet certain defeat. The nomination of Governor Black would have insured the success of the opposition, and nobody knew this better than the professional politicians themselves.

People do not often think of Emerson as the philosopher of politics, but nowhere did he show his clear-sightedness better than in his discussions of public affairs. There is a passage in his *Man the Reformer*, written at Concord back in 1841, which could not apply more patly to the United States of 1898 if it had been said after a study of Black and Roosevelt:

> We complain that the politics of masses of the people are controlled by designing men, and led in opposition to manifest justice and the common weal and to their own interest. But the people do not wish to be represented or ruled by the ignorant and base. They only vote for these because they were asked with the voice and semblance of kindness. They will not vote for them long. They inevitably prefer wit and probity.

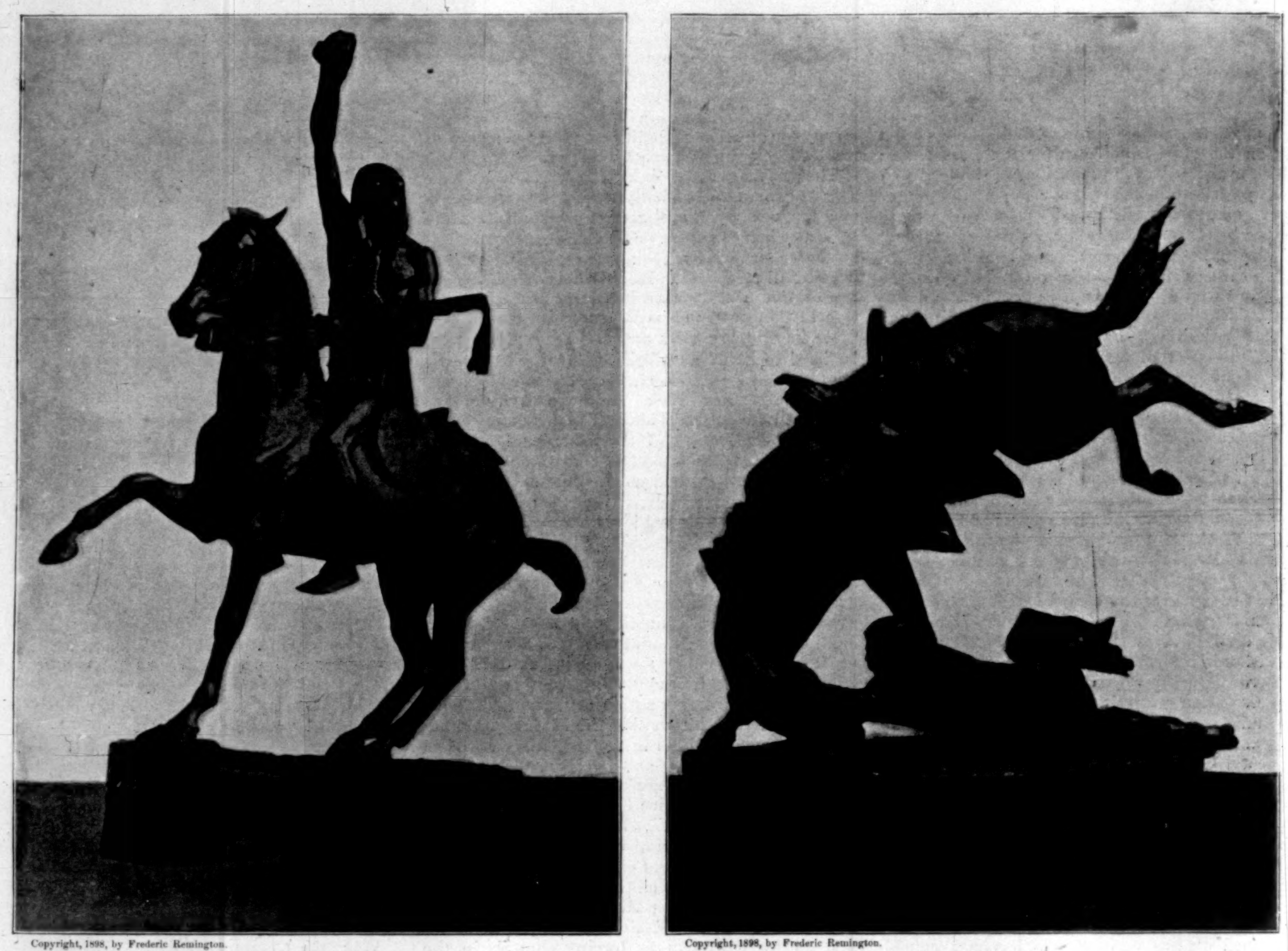
THE CURRENCY AND ITS COMPTROLLER.

It would be curious, if it were not so very familiar, that an existing condition of business, however abnormal or even injurious, comes to be regarded by men engaged in the business which it affects as the normal condition, without which the further transaction of business would be impossible, even inconceivable. We are best used to this way of thinking, or of not thinking, as it regards the tariff. Even when a modification has proved to be advantageous, as was the case, in its effect upon the exports of manufactures, of what the Senate left of the Wilson bill, some beneficiaries of the change continue to object to it.

The currency fetich is not of so long standing as the tariff fetich. But it is equally impressive to many minds, and among them is the mind of the Comptroller of the Currency, Mr. C. G. Dawes. His report makes it clear that he regards the existing mixed system of currency, including the national-bank notes and the Treasury notes, and involving the "endless chain," as "the fixed custom and general law of man." No writer of any standing as an economist has a word to say in favor of that system. Historically it has no claims to consideration. Instead of having been carefully thought out with reference to the needs of the country, it was the hurried makeshift of the sorely pressed Secretary Chase to save the Treasury. It had the advantage of making a forced and immediate market for government bonds, and that was decisive.

Why the Comptroller of the Currency should set his face against every rational attempt to improve this system is by no means so clear as why Mr. Chase should have devised and enforced it. He has neither the pride of paternity nor the excuse of a seeming necessity. In the mean while the mischiefs of the existing system have become not merely apparent, but glaring. It has given opportunity for dangerous attacks upon the soundness of the currency and the maintenance of the standard of value, of which the most formidable was made in 1896, and another seems to be preparing for 1900. It has furnished an excuse for these assaults in artificially restricting the banking facilities, which the agricultural districts, according to the most credible and impartial witnesses, urgently need. The very basis of the security of the noteholders is gradually dwindling and disappearing, and yet the Comptroller of the Currency has nothing but opposition for the thoughtful and well-matured scheme that has been propounded for taking the currency out of politics and the government out of the banking business, and for allowing every community in need of enlarged banking facilities to supply those facilities for itself, and, as it were, automatically.

Mr. Dawes's specific argument is almost all directed against one point, which the plans to which he refers have in common. This is that, in his words, "they seem to ignore the interests of bank depositors," with which he regards himself as "peculiarly charged." We know of no reason, certainly the statutes give none, why the depositor should be dearer to him than the noteholder. The title of his office would suggest that the latter should be his peculiar care. What he chiefly objects to is the proposition that the notes of a bank should be the first lien upon the assets, as they are in Canada. This he describes as "giving noteholders a preference over depositors," which he thinks "normally unjustifiable" and "inherently wrong." The difference is obvious. The depositor of a bank is a creditor who has had means of informing himself as to the responsibility of his debtor, and who makes his deposit at his own risk. The noteholder is a man who may be the whole width of the continent away from the debtor, may have no means of making inquiries about him, and ought to be enabled to take with absolute confidence a note of any bank in the United States which is allowed to issue its notes as currency. That is the very meaning, in the present sense, of the phrase "a sound currency." It is plain that no help can be had from the present Comptroller of the Currency towards putting the currency on a safer and a more rational basis.



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"THE TRIUMPH."

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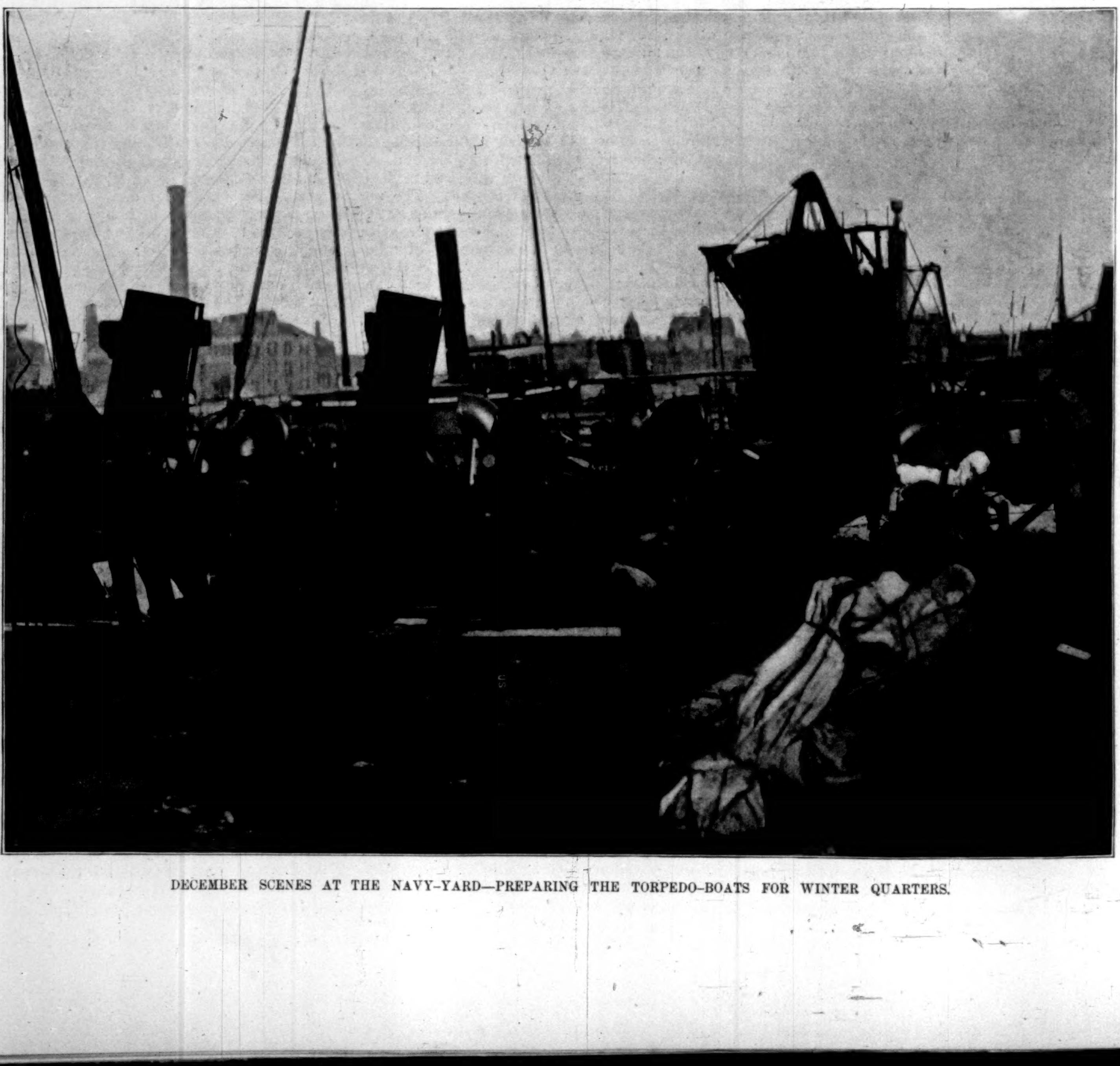
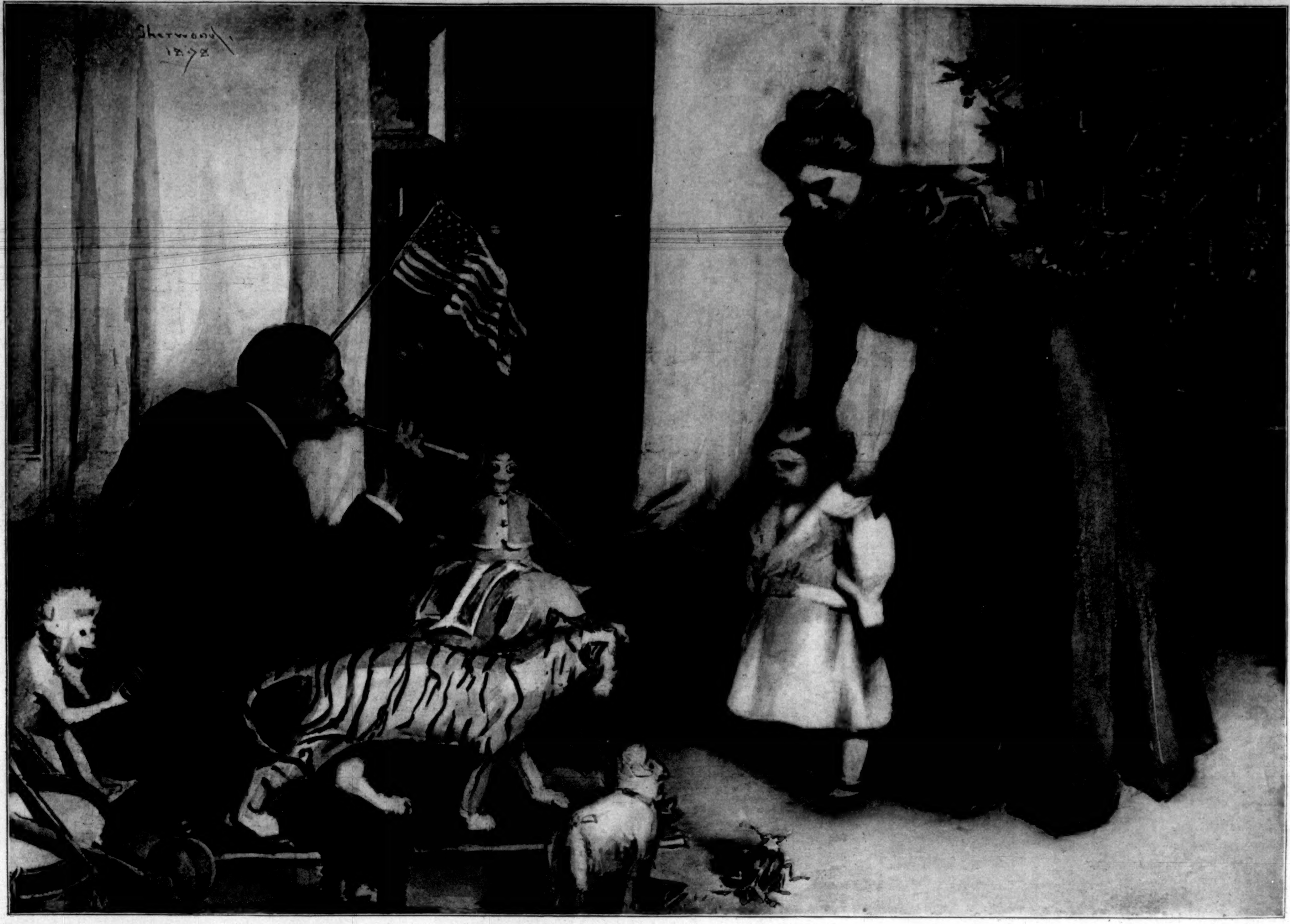
"THE WICKED PONY."

TWO BRONZE STATUETTES BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 1222.]



DECEMBER SCENES AT THE NAVY-YARD—PREPARING THE TORPEDO-BOATS FOR WINTER QUARTERS.


Sherwood
1898

THE HERO OF THE OCCASION.—Drawn by Rosina Emmet Sherwood.

LONDON.

November 26, 1898.

Of all recent utterances upon the foreign relations of this country, Mr. Chamberlain's speech remains the most significant. Its importance lies not only in what he said, but in the fact that it was he who said it. His position in British politics is a very curious one. A man of extraordinary intellectual keenness, of wider and more exact knowledge than he is usually credited with, beyond comparison the most effective debater in Great Britain, greatly and vastly ambitious, he has been for many years within sight of the top rung of the ladder, but has never succeeded in setting foot upon it. Lord Randolph Churchill once bitterly but truly called Mr. Gladstone "an old man in a hurry." Mr. Chamberlain is not old, but he is sixty-two. It was his impatience to be Prime Minister that caused him to oppose Gladstone so acutely over the home-rule bill, for he himself had already offered a single national council to Ireland, as has just been clearly shown by Barry O'Brien's *Life of Parnell* and the reviews of it. Many of his friends now think that his ambition has taken the form of a desire to be Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He has two rivals—one, his own leader, Lord Salisbury; the other, in the Liberal camp, Lord Rosebery. The former is aging fast, and the Conservative rank and file is honeycombed with discontent at his weakness; but the latter is undoubtedly making great strides back to power, and the country is unmistakably rallying to him. Mr. Chamberlain's problem must be, within which party is he most likely to realize his desire? Among the Tories he is distrusted for his past Radical record, and jealously disliked for his undoubted ascendency in the ministerial councils. At the same time he is greatly feared because of the possibility that by returning to his old Liberal allegiance he might smash the Unionist alliance and bring down the Tory party in ruins. Knowing this, he speaks with a freedom, not to say a recklessness, upon which nobody else would venture, and of course he knows precisely what is taking place in the cabinet and behind the scenes. It is for the reasons thus hastily sketched that his words are heard and read with such keen interest here. On the Continent he is erroneously regarded as the trumpet through which Lord Salisbury blows more warlike blasts than he thinks it diplomatic to produce on his own instrument. The leading Belgian paper, for instance, has just summarized his position by saying, "Lord Salisbury reigns, but Mr. Chamberlain governs." This is not so; but Mr. Chamberlain's speeches are almost as important as if it were.

During the prolonged and bitter negotiations over West Africa, Mr. Chamberlain developed a deep resentment to the course and the methods of French statesmanship, particularly as embodied in M. Hanotaux. Certain remarks made by the latter to a friend of mine and repeated to Mr. Chamberlain strengthen this feeling, although the remarks themselves have never been made public, and it would not be discreet to write them now. The echo of his resentment is plainly and deeply heard throughout his Manchester speech. At the same time, everything that he said about France is the literal truth. It is a simple statement of fact that French influence has steadily been used to hamper every detail of Egyptian administration and to delay the progress of Egypt itself, and that France has grotesquely stretched her rights under the Treaty of Utrecht, to the intense indignation of the people of Newfoundland, and has thus produced a situation which, I may parenthetically add, will startle several countries when it is reflected in the report of the Newfoundland Commission, about to be issued. It is true also that England was put to a great and unnecessary expense in the creation of a new and separate army in order to protect her remaining Hinterlands in West Africa; that British trade has been destroyed in Madagascar by what Mr. Chamberlain called, with needless qualification, "almost a breach of faith"; that in Siam, in Tunis, in Abyssinia, in China, in South Africa, "we have found French influence exerted without regard to British susceptibilities and without regard to British interests." There is, moreover, the grave remaining problem of the future of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, with its seven armed French posts established by Marchand, the evacuation of Fashoda being, as Mr. Chamberlain said pointedly, "only a symbol."

In view of all this, and what I have explained before with regard to Mr. Chamberlain's position, his declaration that "it is necessary, if we are to arrive at a different kind of understanding, that French politicians should, once for all, abandon the tactics which they have been pursuing for so many years," is little short of a direct menace. I was myself at Manchester and attended the annual conference of the Liberal-Unionist party held there. In the classic precincts of the Free Trade Hall, memories yet linger of John Bright's great efforts to make the food of the people plenteous and free, and of the struggle for reform which was fought and won at Manchester in the middle of the century. Here it was, to a mass-meeting of five thousand Unionists, Conservative as well as Liberal, that Mr. Chamberlain—"sexagenarian dandy" he is termed by the French papers—delivered his first fighting speech after returning from America. His trip to the States seemed to have refined him. His face grows more like that of Pitt every year, while the physiognomy of Sir William Harcourt, by strange coincidence, more closely approximates to the heavy visage of Charles James Fox. It is a critical period in Mr. Chamberlain's career. Of the speech itself little need be said, and the impression made upon prominent politicians who heard it was reflected in the smoking-rooms of many country houses in Lancashire the same evening. Every member of Parliament with whom I was brought in contact gained the same impression as myself. Mr. Chamberlain means war unless the international conduct of France changes for the better. Practically, if not constitutionally, the Foreign Secretary, the Premier, and the Queen divide among them the responsibility for resorting to the arbitrament of war. In the present ministry it is otherwise. Mr. Chamberlain, as Colonial Secretary, is responsible for Newfoundland, and it seems not unlikely that England may erelong be in a crisis with France over that island. At Manchester he dropped a hint, to which the people of this country have not yet paid sufficient attention. "The interference of the French with the development of the colony has," he said, "increased. At the present time it is suffering a most serious injury from what I venture to think is an intervention which is of no advantage to France, although it certainly is of serious detriment to our colony of Newfoundland." The question is very important. Newfoundland is the place of all places in which it is possible for France to renew the policy of pin pricks over which she has just been defeated in Upper Egypt. France has a claim to a certain right in that island which we in England cannot deny, mainly because it has never been defined. At the beginning of the eighteenth century France and England were in a chronic state of war. In 1713 the Treaty of Utrecht, which for the time ended hostilities, secured the sovereignty of Newfoundland in England. Unfortunately, however, it left to France an undefined right which modified our sovereignty. It yielded to her the privilege of catching and drying fish on the western and northern sides of the island.

Thus, although no territorial rights were conceded to France, the practical result was that both the early settlers and the native population were excluded from what was and is potentially the richest part of the colony. More or less, they have been excluded ever since, and the subject has been a bone of constant contention when no larger quarrel occupied the thoughts of the two governments concerned. There was, as I have indicated, more in Mr. Chamberlain's reference to Newfoundland than meets the eye of the casual reader. If France ever seeks a cause of quarrel with England in earnest, she will pursue it on the sea, and she will discover a cause of quarrel at a spot where, standing firm on moral and legal rights, England is at the same time locally vulnerable. Just such a place is Newfoundland. In regard to that island we should not be able to deny the moral claim absolutely; but, in the absence of means by which to settle the question of title, facts are more than usually valuable, and of these I will give a few.

Newfoundland is the oldest of England's colonial possessions. When we discovered and acquired the island, France had nothing to do with it whatever. We established in it such legal and other usages as the civilization of the time allowed. To this day every institution of government or commerce which is helpful to its progress was founded and maintained by English knowledge and English enterprise. In these early times, however, in Newfoundland, as in all other parts of the world which England has colonized, French ambitions have sought to share in the benefits which have accrued from the discoveries and the enterprise of our people. The French followed us to Newfoundland, just as, nearly two centuries later, they followed us to Africa. The difficulty is that in the earlier adventure they followed us with much more effect. In 1578 there were four hundred vessels engaged in the fisheries off the island. Of these only fifty were English. All the others were French and Spanish. It is on the strength of that fact, in combination with the unbusinesslike terms of the Treaty of Utrecht and its modification in 1783, that the French government of to-day affirms a moral basis for pin-pricking. As I have said, the fact is indisputable; but it is not the only one to be considered. At the time of the treaty the population of the island, the area of which is almost as large as Scotland, and potentially much wealthier, was less than the population of a humble county-town of the smallest shire in these islands. Now, according to the latest statistics available, which are those of 1891, the population is well over 200,000. Industries, the arts and commerce, have flourished proportionately. Popular government in its most modern and equitable sense has been established, and is broad-based on the people's will. In short, progress in every direction conceivable has been made. All this is entirely due to England. The part of France has invariably been to assert moral claims which she has not yet had the courage to enforce. Should she wish to do so now, or at any other time, in an endeavor to compensate herself for the disaster which has come upon her through her own folly in Egypt, we shall not feel our moral right any the less real because it is not inscribed on the parchment of Utrecht. It is much to the credit of Mr. Chamberlain that he has given the country warning of the new complication which looms darkly ahead. Even as the Constitution of the United States made no provision for the possibility that stress of unforeseen circumstances might force her to annex or acquire the Sandwich Islands, Cuba, and the Philippines, so England is not to be blamed if through the same causes she is obliged to curb French pretensions in Newfoundland.

It had seemed at one time as if the Panama scandals that threw such a lurid light on the methods of French financiers and politicians, and finally drove M. Grévy from his exalted position into the retirement of private life, were to find their parallel in England. Happily the revelations in connection with Mr. Hooley's bankruptcy, although they have excited much public interest, and even set us on the tiptoe of expectation, have not so far disclosed, at least to any appreciable extent, the same grave causes for public alarm. It is true that certain persons of high social position, and others, have sought, under Mr. Hooley's inspiration, that short and easy road to fortune which we have been taught to regard as the dream of the idle. But while the revelations of the Registrar's Court are sufficiently instructive, and by no means without their seamy side, it can hardly be said that they amount to a national indictment. The gravest incident that has come to light in this matter, and that may be said to touch the community most nearly, is the avowed attempt on Mr. Hooley's part to purchase a distinction which some good people had hitherto supposed to be the reward of recognized public service, benevolent enterprise, or efficient political support. Whilst it is substantially true that these are the grounds on which, to a very large extent, honors have been conferred, it is fair to admit that the possession of great wealth, either in personalty or in landed estates, has also been an important consideration in the distribution of titles. It would be easy to give the names of men who in our time have been granted titles for their wealth alone, but to do so would be invidious, and there is no useful purpose to be served in naming individuals when the facts are not in dispute. There was a subtle cunning in Lord Beaconsfield's remark that every country gentleman with $50,000 a year and a good character should be ennobled. The act of ennoblement confirms his loyalty and imposes a hereditary obligation of upright conduct.

The reason for this recognition of wealth can easily be traced to a characteristic national sentiment. To the average Briton the rights of property are almost as sacred as the shibboleth of law and order, and this sentiment is, in the main, responsible for the system which re-enforces the peerage and baronetage from the capitalist, merchant, and landlord class. The belief that duty as well as privilege is the accompaniment of high rank and position is so thoroughly ingrained in the minds of the majority of Englishmen that one is rather tempted to accept than dispute it. In any case, it is difficult to protest that such ideas are the survival of feudal modes of thought—traditional, sentimental, archaic—when one is assured by practical, matter-of-fact, successful people, who call into service no imagination, that they are satisfied that the possession of wealth and its employment in certain directions are ennobling of themselves and constitute claims to distinction.

It did not require the public investigation into Mr. Hooley's affairs to prove that all parties in the state need money wherewith to grease their machinery, and that party officials are always very willing to obtain it on terms; but it is greatly to Lord Salisbury's credit that in this case he exercised a sound discrimination. By returning Mr. Hooley's check for $250,000 and refusing the baronetcy he showed a wisdom and foresight for which in other matters he has not always been distinguished, and saved the country from an unpleasant scandal. It is idle, however, to contend that the various peers, honorables, and right honorables who have contaminated themselves by dealing with Hooley are not smirched by contact. The late Archbishop Whately was fond of saying that the man who associated with chimney-sweepers must get smutted. The Hooley breed has existed from all time. The South-Sea Bubble and the cycle boom are of the same family. Circumstances only differ. Of the intermediary in the Hooley baronetcy affair, Sir William Marriott, himself a Privy Councillor, I can only say that, having had agreeable relations with him in former years, I am surprised that, having occupied the position of Judge-Advocate-General, he could have fallen into such a company. The one satisfactory feature of the Hooley business is that there is a general desire to get at the truth, and that the people who have made haste to get rich too quickly are socially irretrievably maimed.

Arnold White.

FREDERIC REMINGTON'S STATUETTES:

"THE WICKED PONY," AND "THE TRIUMPH."

It is not an unusual thing for an artist temporarily to abandon his pencil and brushes and seek expression in sculpture. As one of them said the other day, "There is a fascination in being able to get around your figures and see how they look at the back, and the process forces you to a reliance upon form and gives a directness to your method of work." It is quite in accord with the energy and straightforwardness of Mr. Remington's style that he should occasionally stop working on the flat, with its illusions and make-believes, and revel in the actual "round." Hitherto he had given us "The Bronco Buster" and "The Wounded Bunkie," both works of remarkable strenuousness and daring. They are frankly realistic, but their realism is of a character that must command unstinted admiration. It is not the kind that is displayed in reproducing all the imperfections as well as the good points of a model that maintains a fixed pose as long as needed. In such work there is nothing commendable; it is an absolute negation of art, which presupposes the expression of some idea personal to the artist. In Mr. Remington's case there is no question of the mental picture. It is of the most vivid and assured kind, resulting from a faculty of observation quite extraordinary in its comprehensiveness. What he has seen in his study of horses and their riders he has seen with such completeness that he can record with accuracy an action which was momentary, or which passed before his eyes like a flash. A preference for work which makes an appeal to the imagination cannot interfere with one's admiration for such evidence of genius as this.

Of these later statuettes, one, "The Wicked Pony," recalls the qualities of the earlier ones. The man has been thrown and is lying flat. He has caught the pony by its ear and pins its head to the ground. The brute realizes its impotence, and is lashing out with its hind legs. The question is, will the man in getting on to his feet succeed in keeping his hold? It is one of those questions that are apt to be decided in less time than is spent in asking them, and the remarkable feature of the composition from a technical point of view is that though the action is momentary, its retention in bronze does not make it seem stiff. The movement throughout is free and spontaneous.

The other statuette has high qualities of a different order. Its subject is "The Triumph," and it represents an Indian reining in his horse and rising in his seat as he holds aloft a scalp. It is not a *tour de force* that we are here called upon to admire, but a serious attempt to express a moment's energy by methods reposeful and dignified. As a thing to live with, this group is more agreeable than the others, and technically it is superior. The composition is built up with a true feeling for what is big and impressive. The line made by the horse's fore leg upon the ground and the man's arm is an axis of determined energy, around which the rest of the parts are distributed with an excellent sense of balance. There is also a fine crescendo of energy. If you trace it upwards you will find no anticlimax; the supreme point, in every sense, is the clinched fist. They are cast by the Henry-Bonnard Co.

It is interesting to study Mr. Remington's method of modelling. It is not so much that of a sculptor as of a black-and-white artist—suggestive rather than thorough. For example, on the hind quarters, especially around the hip, there is an arrangement of light and shade, very effective in its broad and suggestive treatment. The articulations, on the other hand—the points where a sculptor would concentrate his energy—are flat and nerveless. The fetlocks and pasterns, for instance, do not suggest the tension which the pose of the horse must have put upon them. These statuettes should be taken for what they are intended to be—vivid representations expressed with determined directness. More attention to detail might have marred their spontaneity.

Charles H. Caffin.

THIS BUSY WORLD

"Dear me! Dear me!" exclaimed our Uncle Samuel. "That's a fat stocking!"

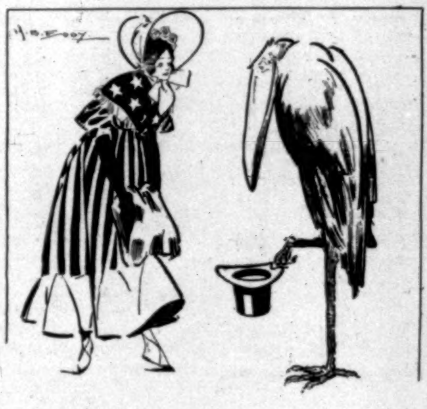
He lay in bed on Christmas morning regarding it. There it hung, long, fat, and knobby, from the chimney-piece around the big fireplace—big for a modern fireplace—in our uncle's bedroom. Our uncle has reached a time of life when he wakes early in the morning, but unless there is special occasion for hustling he does not rise when he wakes, but lies abed and thinks. For an hour he had been regarding his stocking with quiet meditation, without the least show of eagerness to get at it. He always hangs his stocking up, and every year this ever-so-long, Father Time or Santa Claus or some one has filled it overnight with the year's accumulations, so our uncle is pretty well used to fat stockings, and they no longer excite him.

But this year's stocking was fatter than usual. Uncle Sam lay still and looked at it and sighed. Then he turned on his back and sighed again.

"Darn it!" said Uncle Sam.

The stocking stirred; a head popped out of the top of it. There was a soft soldier hat on the head. It looked at Uncle Sam and grunted and popped back. But the stocking began to get impatient, and when our uncle looked at it again there were jerky motions visible through its texture.

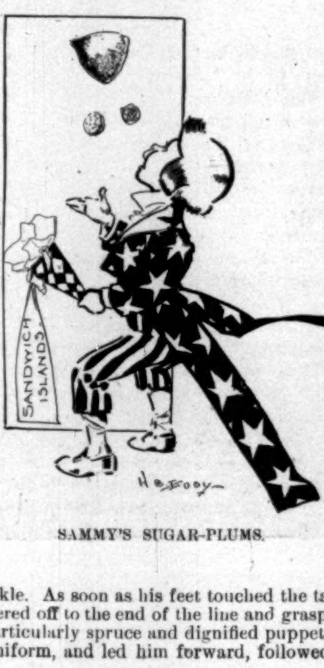
"Bless me!" said Uncle Sam, and with that he got up and put on his dressing-gown. Then lifting the stocking from the nail, he took it by the toe and shook its contents all out in a heap on the bed. Then he had to smile, for all that he was feeling pretty grim, considering it was Christmas morning, for the contents hastened to separate themselves from one another, just as football-players do when the umpire shouts something, or angle-worms when you tip them out of the bait-box. They scrambled about on the counterpane, sorting out and grabbing their several effects, which in most cases were military hats and equipments which had been shaken off in the overturn. They were puppets, a lively lot of them, and in a jiffy they had themselves in order and were standing in a group on the uneven surface of the bed.



COLUMBIA ENCOUNTERS THE BIRD OF DESTINY.

"Bless me!" said Uncle Sam, and picked up the whole lot of them at once in his big hands and set them down very carefully on the large round table that stands in his room. Then he drew on his trousers and sat down and looked at them. There was one very lively one in eyeglasses and a soft hat with the brim skewered up at the sides in a fantastic sort of way, and this one, as soon as his feet found a fair surface, bustled about like anything and had all the others up in a line, with himself at one end of it, and then they all saluted Uncle Sam.

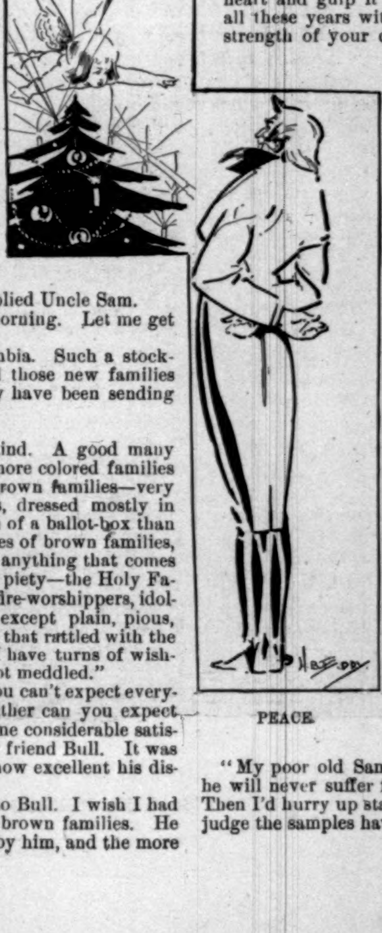
"Good morning, dears," said our uncle, and they all said good-morning. Then the abnormally brisk one came forward two steps, and saluted with so much animation that he made Uncle Sam grin with as much cheerfulness as any grown man can feel before breakfast. "Here we are, uncle," said he—"here we are, wishing you a merry Christmas and fetching you the fruits of victory." And then he smiled so widely that Uncle Sam smiled back almost as cheerfully, and his eyes twinkled, and picking that puppet up, he looked him over, with evident amusement and satisfaction, from the bullet holes in his hat to the jagged edge of his sword and his spurs with the broken rowels. The brisk puppet was so active that his arms and legs moved up and down in the air while our uncle was looking at him, which made the old man chuckle. As soon as his feet touched the table again he scampered off to the end of the line and grasped by the hand a particularly spruce and dignified puppet in an admiral's uniform, and led him forward, followed by a little group of others in various outlandish costumes. The spruce puppet saluted our uncle, and our uncle gravely returned his salute, and looked at him long and with close attention. He did not pick him up, for indeed he was not the sort of puppet that invited familiarities, but presently he wrote something in a little book which lay near him. Then he bowed, and the spruce puppet fell back, and our uncle considered the little group that had followed him. They were dark-complexioned folk, not very big, but well put together and proportioned. Most of them had straight hair, but among them were a few under-sized negroes. One or two of them bustled about with some show of authority, but, as a whole, they seemed an orderly and sober-minded group. All the other puppets were interested in them, the spruce puppet regarding them with an air which had in it something of paternal responsibility, while the brisk puppet went behind them to where the spruce puppet stood, and evidently put questions to him about them. Uncle Sam picked up every man of them one by one, and scrutinized everything about each one from his hair to his feet, noting the clothes that he wore and their texture, the shape of his head, his muscles, his complexion, his hands and whether they showed signs of work, his weapons when he had weapons, and his label when he had a label. Most of them did have labels, as "Luzon," "Panay," "Mindanao," and other outlandish names; and one or two funny ones, unlike the rest, who made Uncle Sam smile in the midst of his seriousness, turned out to be labelled "Guam." On the outskirts of this group was another little group which seemed related to it, though not part of it, which was labelled "Hawaii," and this lot too Uncle Sam regarded with attention, though not with the intimate scrutiny he bestowed on the others. Presently he fell into so brown a study over them all that the spruce puppet shifted his position, stretched himself a little, and turned aside his head to hide a yawn, observing which the brisk puppet saluted again and marched the whole group back to their place.



SAMMY'S SUGAR-PLUMS.

Back he came again with another squad, and fetched them up so energetically that our uncle was stirred from his meditations, and his eyes ceased to stare and began to see again. These too were dark men, but not so dark as the former ones. Neither were their clothes so odd, but in most ways they were more like what we would be if we were puppets and not real people. There were no great number of them, and one or two puppets in generals' uniforms, who marched up with them, exchanged cheerful salutes with Uncle Sam and caused him to write down more names in his little book. One of this group the old man picked up and looked at his label, as if to make sure, and reading "Puerto Rico" on it, he glanced at a cabinet in the corner in which many other puppets had already been placed, and seemed to find spare space there for this group too.

Then he nodded his head, and this squad went back, and the brisk puppet marched up another group, not unlike its predecessor, but larger, more various, and superintended by divers admirals and generals and captains and supervisors, variously equipped. In this group the brisk puppet seemed to take the most interest of all, especially when a lot more names went into Uncle Sam's book. Many of the puppets in this group were ragged and worn. Most of them were shaky on their legs, and some fell down in the ranks. Uncle Sam looked at them sorrowfully, and drummed on the table with his fingers and whistled very low and thoughtfully long after the brisk puppet had marched them all back. Then he left them there, and dressed himself and went to breakfast.



PEACE.

"Merry Christmas, Samuel!" cried Columbia, as she reached out for his coffee-cup.

"Merry Christmas, Columbia!" replied Uncle Sam.

"My goodman seems worn this morning. Let me get his coffee into him quickly."

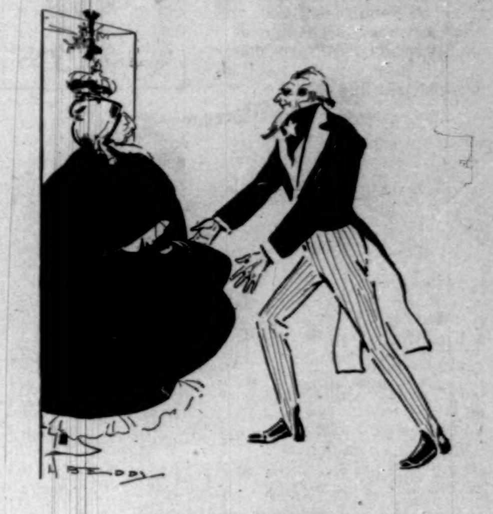
"Worn! And good reason, Columbia. Such a stockingful as I have left upstairs! All those new families that we've got mixed up with lately have been sending me samples."

"Nice people?"

"No doubt, but not at all our kind. A good many colored families, and the notion of more colored families makes me a bit nervous. Lots of brown families—very nice straight-haired brown families, dressed mostly in night-shirts, and with no more notion of a ballot-box than a Methodist has of incense. All shades of brown families, from drab to burnt-umber, speaking anything that comes handy, and professing all phases of piety—the Holy Father's, the Sultan's—all except ours; fire-worshippers, idol-worshippers—every kind, I guess, except plain, pious, dollar-worshipping Protestants. I'm that rattled with the various eccentricities of them that I have turns of wishing our folks had just sat still and not meddled."

"Come, come, Sam! Cheer up! You can't expect everything to come right all at once; neither can you expect something for nothing. You got some considerable satisfactions this last year. There's our friend Bull. It was worth a good deal, really, to know how excellent his disposition is towards us."

"Surely. My heart really warms to Bull. I wish I had his faculty of getting on with these brown families. He seems to do well by them, and they by him, and the more of them there are, and the more kinds of religion they have, and the farther off they live, the better he seems to like it. You see, Bull has webbed feet, as he should have, to be sure, living as he does on that little island, which really isn't much more than a rock to dive off of. Of course our folks here can swim a stroke or two at a pinch, but, cracky! some of those samples upstairs have come ten thousand miles! If we start an agency as far off as that, how ever shall I have the face to meet my old friend James Monroe? You remember how set James was against letting outsiders stake out claims in our neighborhood, for fear they'd involve us in their quarrels. What he'd say to our being interested in these brown people who live in a regular nest of jealous neighbors I'm sure I don't know."



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

"But Bull has agencies out there, Sam."

"Oh yes, Bull has; but Bull's Bull. He's got to have 'em. That's his business. I tell you I wish, more'n half the time, that after our boy George had done his job he'd cut for home. But, after all, running's not much in George's line, and it's a long ways, and I'm not sure that George, blown as he was, had the wind and the legs for it."

"It's been a good season for some of our boys, Sam."

"Oh yes. I'm proud of the boys."

"There's Theodore. Since he ran up the hill that time and got so much credit he's been just bursting with energy, and over in Manhattan and thereabouts they think there's nothing too good for him. I believe that if he lives to really grow up he'll be one of the handiest men in the family, Sam; and, really, he's older now than I ever supposed he'd get to be."

"Oh yes, Columbia, Theodore's a good lad, and if he only keeps his wheels on his feet he's bound to skim along."

"And William Sampson, Sam, and all those fine fellows with him, and plucky little Joe, and dozens and scores and hundreds of others, hundreds and thousands of others, and more and more and more behind them. Nobody knew what a family we had before we had this trouble, and the neighbors have never been so polite to me as they have been of late. I tell you, Sam, there's been a lot of good, and if some of what comes with it looks like evil, you'd better just harden your heart and gulp it down. I haven't fed pie into you all these years without learning something about the strength of your digestion. And as for James Monroe, you can explain to James that circumstances alter cases, and that when a man takes hold he can't always let go just when it happens to suit him."

"There's no logic to you, Columbia. You talk, like every woman who is really valuable, not as you think, but as you happen to feel. You know as well as I how much it is due to your sentimentalism that we ever got into this mess. What did my old friend Marquis Lafayette use to tell me? 'When you find yourself in a scrape, Sam,' says he, 'cherchez la femme.' That's you, Columbia! You work like a mechanical toy. Touch your heart, and you shut your eyes. I tell you those brown families live ten thousand miles off, in a climate that makes our folks sick."

"And if you let them alone, Sam, what then?"

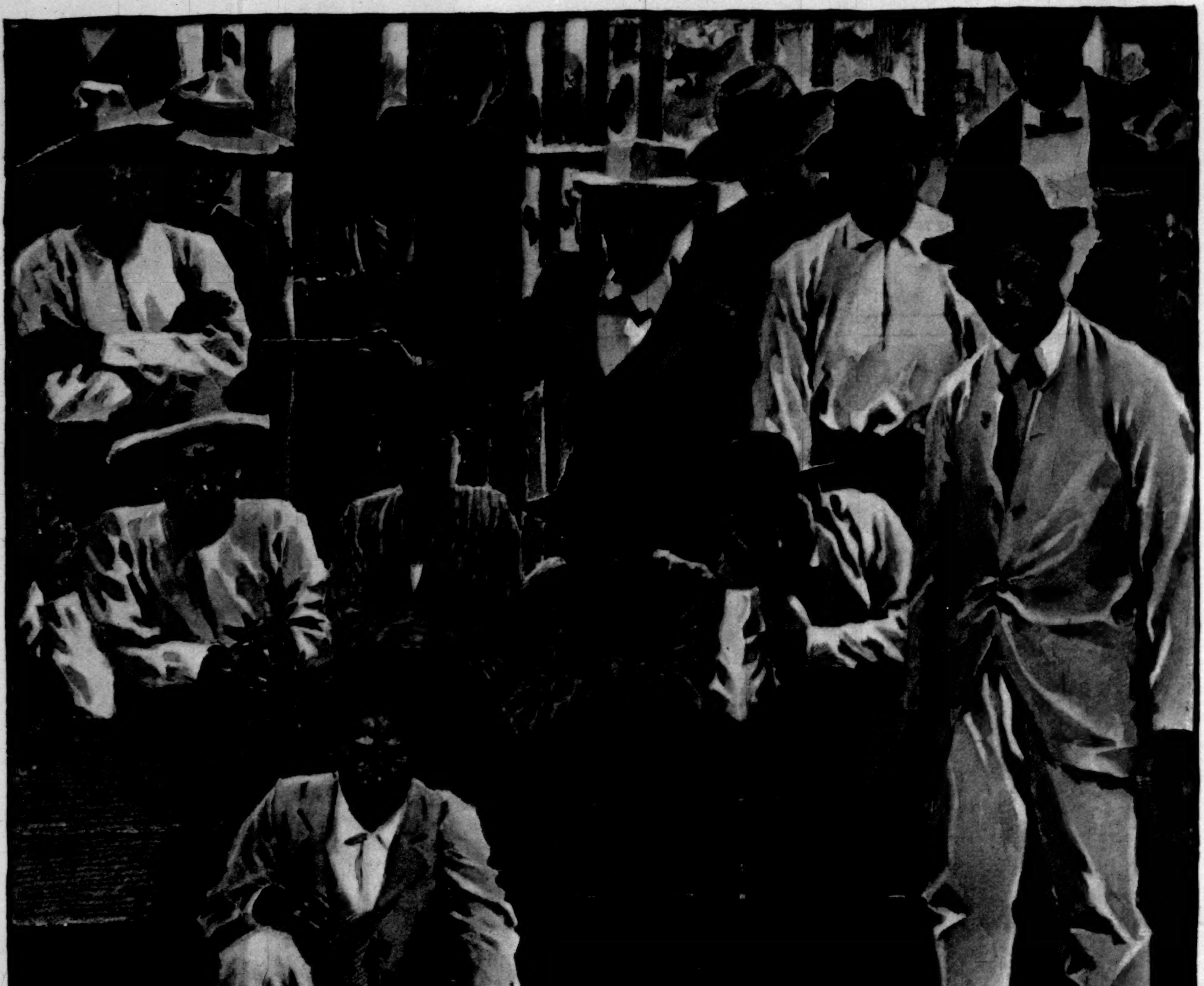
"There'll be the mischief to pay, I suppose, until some one of the neighbors steps in and stops it. And like enough the neighbors will fight to settle as to which one of them shall step in."

"And how will that suit you, Sam?"

"Just there's the trouble, Columbia."

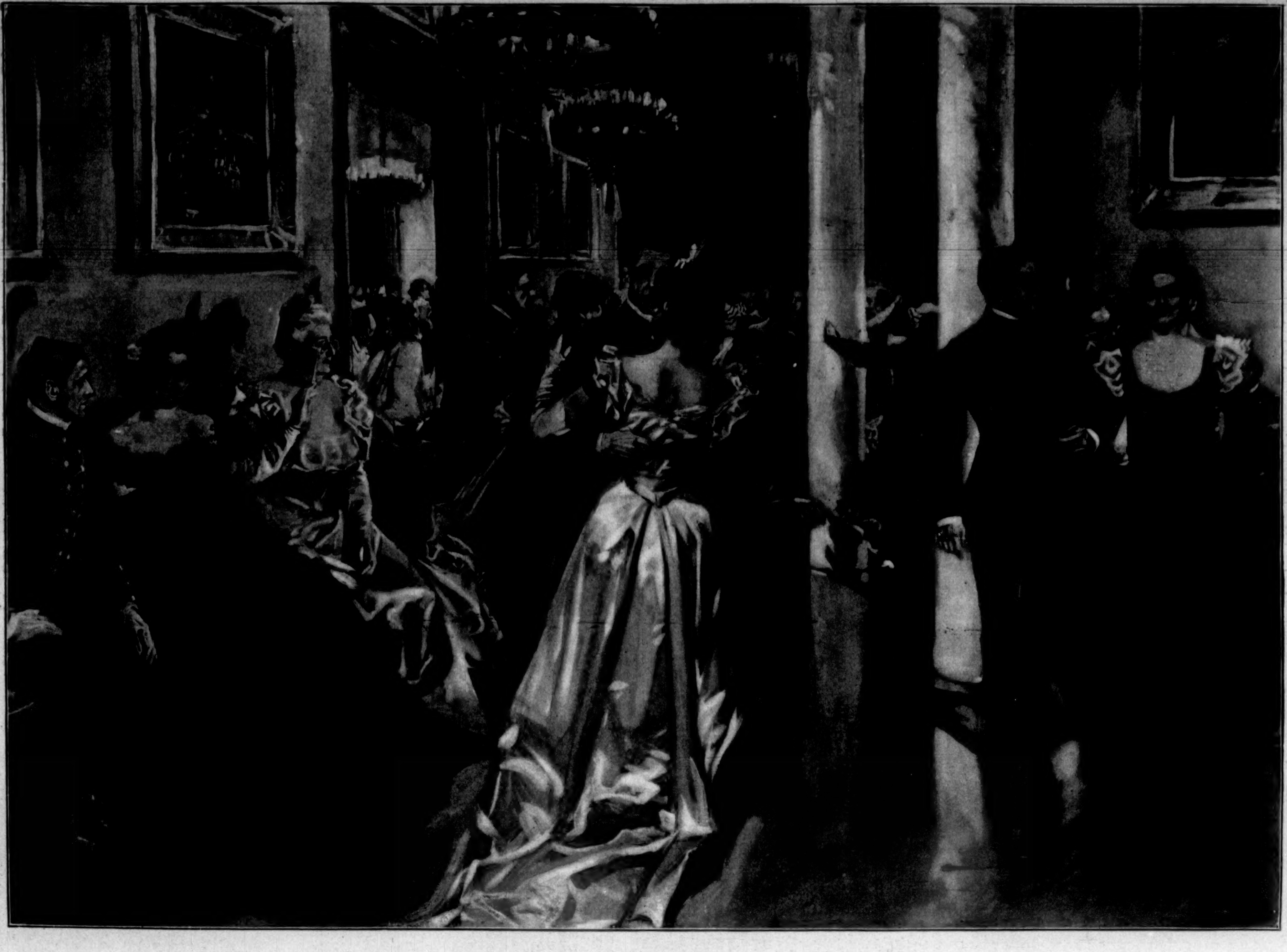
"My poor old Sam! That's one trouble at least that he will never suffer from. More coffee, grumbler? No! Then I'd hurry up stairs. There's a rumpus there, and I judge the samples have got to fighting."

E. S. Martin.



CHRISTMAS IN PUERTO RICO—A COCK-FIGHT AT CAGUAS.

Drawn by F. Luis Mora.



HOLIDAY FESTIVITIES AT THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT—THE CHRISTMAS HOP.—DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY.

JOHANNA GADSKI,
Soprano, of "The Charles A. Ellis Opera Company," Philadelphia.
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MUSIC

The Holiday of the World's Heart.

Art makes the world's faithfulest and longest holiday. Its gifts are not restricted to a Christmas-tide profusion, any more than is music limited by the stately loveliness of the Adeste Fideles and the joyous Magnificat. Rich and fruitful indeed are the topics latent in this immediate hour of the local musical season. They press on one's conscience and taste and enthusiasm. The splendid course of opera at the Metropolitan, sung alternately in three tongues—to which a fourth one, our own, so readily could be added under the circumstances—suggests by itself half a dozen considerations worthy of the pens of the most careful reviewers, and meriting the perusal of all readers who have other than a superficial feeling for opera's charm and its lasting welfare. At least three or four of these topics—in certain instances queries—will not be fubbed off much longer. For the moment, however, unmistakable are the claims on a reviewer's office as merely a recording angel. My duty is the merely historical one toward what Miranda calls "a tale to cure deafness."

Says Byron, cynically, if with much perception,

> The devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice,
> An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.

Albert Saléza.

Symmetrical, and full of a beauty of vocalism that one well may seek New York this winter to relish, have been the performances at our Opera House thus far. We may expect the links in the season's long chain to be as glittering to the end. But even in noting here the *Juliette* of a Melba, the *Violetta* of a Sembrich, it is on M. Albert Saléza's tenor that the intensest interest of the city has been centred since this admirable French artist appeared in Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette." I am sorry that M. Saléza is not likely to have a chance this season to show himself to New-Yorkers in three or four of the impersonations that best suit him, as a singer and actor scarcely surpassed in Europe to-day. But he is an adaptive artist, as well as one gifted. If he do not sing *Mathô*, *Mylio*, *Otello*, or *Siegmund*, the strange beauty of his voice, and even the fierce flash of his dramatic fire, will be quite plainly shown as *Roméo*, *Don José*, or *Raoul de Nangis*. M. Saléza's voice is one among a hundred French ones in size, in sweetness, in steadiness, in purity of intonation and volume, in the passionate warmth and finish of usage that have grown more and more peculiar, not to Italy, but to Gallic lands and training. These traits are often ill represented by other men singers from Paris. Often compared with Capoul—in amatory rôles—Saléza really advances on that favorite of twenty years ago. Saléza is more the tenor to recall Italo Campanini, as Campanini was *circa* 1878–9, before overwork for Mr. Mapleson did him remediless injury. M. Saléza's voice dominates the stage, evenly and richly; it fills the house from parquet to amphitheatre, as did the voice of Campanini, or as does that of M. Jean de Reszké. This is the case in spite of the fact that M. Saléza shows neither a particularly mobile countenance like Van Dyck's, nor a divorce from stage conventions such as does Jean de Reszké. But Saléza's lithe nervosity of movement (when swift movements are to be made), his poses that are almost invariably effective, the buoyant suggestion of virile full-blooded youth in all that he does, even when it is done with a touch of real *gaucherie*, are traits that add seduction. Such a singer is that rarest creature just now to be exploited by an opera-manager—a versatile young tenor without the faulty tricks of the French school, who shall carry by storm the coldest patronage of a foreign audience when singing parts that it knows almost as well as the artist himself knows them. M. Saléza's success here has been practically unqualified, and Mr. Grau's discretion in importing him is already blessed. He is still a young man, born in 1867. He was a Paris Conservatory graduate in 1888. He has been of vogue since the hour of his début in Lalo's "Le Roi d'Ys," at the Opéra Comique. There, by-the-bye, he alternated with M. Gibert, another superior French tenor, just now a star dependence of Mr. Charley's large company in New Orleans.

EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ,
Barytone-Bass, of "The Maurice Grau Opera Company."
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ALBERT ALVAREZ,
Tenor, of "The Charles A. Ellis Opera Company," Philadelphia.

Opera in Philadelphia, New Orleans, and San Francisco.

By-the-bye, let us not fancy that we are having all the good and interesting opera to ourselves, even if Mr. Grau's Napoleonic policy is setting before us the most majestic names. Three or four other social centres are active this year, not only in symphonic concerts, but in superior operatic rewards for all the virtuous. Almost simultaneously with the inauguration of our own operatic week, both New Orleans and Philadelphia have started upon their seasons, which are of a strength unusual. In Philadelphia, it will be remembered, Mr. Charles A. Ellis is the supreme impresario. There now exists, however, a fine treaty of reciprocity between him and Mr. Grau that makes their singers interchangeable between New York and Philadelphia, almost without exception. The first Philadelphia performance was "Faust," sung in French. In "Faust" Madame Melba was the *Marguerite*, and the *Faust* was M. Bonnard, a French tenor, who made a considerable impression. Mesdames Ternina and Gadski, and Messrs. Pandolfini (a rather superior Italian tenor lately heard here in concert), Andreas Dippel, Albert Alvarez, and Ernest Kraus are only a fraction of Mr. Ellis's large troupe. Alvarez is another signally important loan from the Paris Opéra, where he has a heavy responsibility in the heroic and lyric routine. M. Alvarez's best part is his *Samson*, in Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah," and while his voice shows wear, it is resonant, large, and dramatic in timbre. Madame Ternina has been briefly heard here, and, like Madame Gadski, is, in German opera, of first rank. As for that fair and far-away French city of the South, New Orleans, ever an aristocratic as well as old home of French opera in this country (the only one where a municipal support ever has been given to it), Mr. Charley, the present manager of the opera, has a fine company and a large subscription. His forces include Mesdames Fièrens, Dalzen, Phillips, Bergès, Savine, and Pouget, and the Messrs. Gibert (whom I recall in "Le Roi d'Ys," Paris, years ago as an excellent young artist), Gaidan, Godefroy, Gauthier, and Darnead. Madame Fièrens has pleased the New Orleans public as *Valentine*. The size of the New Orleans Opera House admits of both grand and light opera, a happy variety. Thus "Les Huguenots," "L'Africaine," "Il Trovatore" ("Le Trouvère") are relieved by "La Mascotte" and "Fra Diavolo." It is worth while to notice that in San Francisco, where there is a large German population, such a taxing work as Goldmark's "Die Königin von Saba" was given last month with general local praise.

The Castle Square Company in "La Bohème."

If I am speaking of opera at all, I should not forget that the Castle Square Company, at the American Theatre in this city, is now carrying on Puccini's "La Bohème" for a second week, with noteworthy musical success and a most beautiful and accurate scenic dress. What a commentary on the intelligence, so often underrated, of the real musical public of the city! Does Fifth Avenue know that excellent work and works are to be heard so far westward of Arline's marble halls? Certainly Eighth Avenue may unawares reach nearer to a state of musical grace than Lenox Hill. "La Bohème" is evidence and to spare. Miss Yvonne de Treville, Miss Knox, Mr. Sheehan, and Mr. Chase are at their best in this difficult score.

Mr. Damrosch's "Manila" Te Deum.

Wars and conquests and the heart-beats of patriotism do not always do their duty as musical inspirations, even if Handel's noble "Dettingen" Te Deum, his overwhelming "Utrecht" Jubilate, and Beethoven's "Heroic" Symphony argue otherwise. But the splendid first performance, some nights ago, of Mr. Walter Damrosch's "Manila" Te Deum, sung by the Oratorio Society at Carnegie Hall, put Mr. Damrosch forward not as the writer of a dull opera, but of a powerful, dignified, and often most beautiful piece of religious music; infused with military exultation wholly becoming and wholly impressive. Mr. Damrosch is not a strong melodist; but in the dignity of this sumptuous choral work that lack is little felt. The finest numbers are perhaps the "Sanctus" and "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ," and the uplifting, imposing conclusion—at which the audience rose by a common and due impulse. Mr. Damrosch is understood to have given up most of his conductorial work, that he may compose. If this, the first-fruit of his resolve, be the predecessor of others so fair, he has chosen the better part. The quartet of singers—Mesdames Emma Juch, Gertrude May Stein, and Messrs. Theodore van Yorx and Heinrich Meyn—sang extremely well—Madame Juch in chief.

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

ALBERT SALÉZA,
Tenor, of "The Maurice Grau Opera Company."
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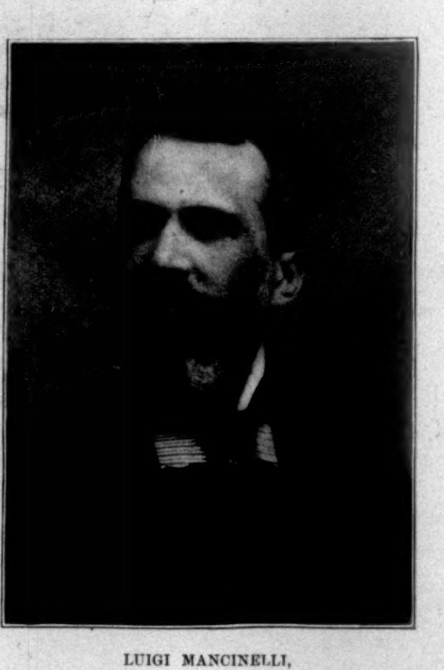

LUIGI MANCINELLI,
Composer and Conductor, of "The Maurice Grau Opera Company."
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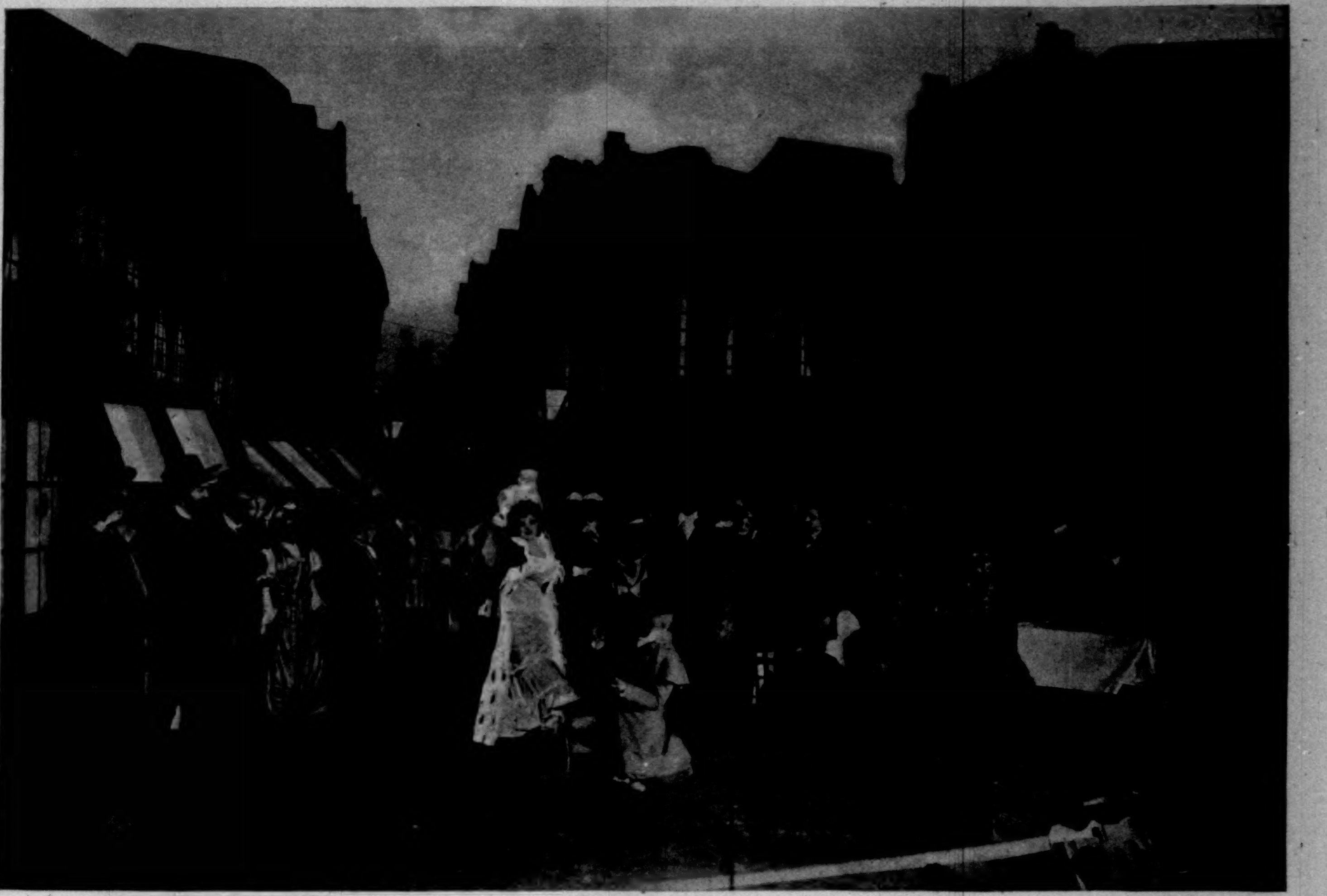

Herbert Witherspoon (*Colline*).
Harold Butler (*Schaunard*).
Villa Knox (*Musetta*).
Frank Moulan (*Alcudoro*).
Joseph Sheehan (*Rudolph*).
Yvonne de Treville (*Mimi*).
W. G. Stewart (*Marcel*).

CONCLUDING SCENE OF ACT II. OF PUCCINI'S OPERA "LA BOHEME," AT THE AMERICAN THEATRE, NEW YORK.

The Gifts of Santa Claus.

ONCE upon a time, so long ago that nobody now alive remembers it, there lived a Little Boy who knew how to have fun in his own back yard. He made mud pies, and made believe he ate them and liked them. He folded a leaf from his daddy's morning paper and made a hat that he thought as fine as any soldier ever wore. He whittled a sword out of a lath, and with it slew dragons in the hen-coop. He stole the cook's broom, and in a jiffy the handle was a horse that galloped him round and round the back yard. Altogether he learned how to do so many things, and to have so much fun with them, that there wasn't a boy on the block that was as bright or had as happy a laugh. When Christmas came, his father said, "Little Boy has such a good time with his broomstick that I think I'll give him a real hobby-horse." His mother gave him a soldier suit and hat. His uncle gave him a little tin sword, and a gun that shot pellets. His aunt, who couldn't bear to see his hands dirty, gave him a real mince pie. For a week Little Boy thought he was the happiest boy alive, and he laughed as he had never laughed before. But he broke his sword the very first day. He pranced about the front street in his new soldier clothes until his mother had to call him home and keep him there. Then, with his gun, he shot the neighbors' cats on the back fences, until the gun had to be taken away. Finally he got terribly tired of riding a horse in the nursery, that never took him anywhere. I forgot to say that the mince pie made him positively sick. At the end of a fortnight he had lost his happy laugh; and one day his mother, to get rid of him, said, "Why don't you go out and play with your old things in the back yard?" She was very much surprised to find that he didn't care for them any more. To this day nobody knows why his free and hearty laugh has gone, and why he has become such a stupid, dissatisfied boy.

Hæc Fabula docet....

In no previous season have the American theatres received such a wealth of Christmas gifts from abroad as in the season that is now at its height. The most successful German farce of last year, "Im Weissen Röss'l," is excellently presented at the Irving Place Theatre. The most flagrant Parisian obscenity has passed its hundredth night at a Tenderloin theatre. The merriest French farce, Bisson's "On and Off," is running indefinitely at the Madison Square. The most praised comedy, Lavedan's "Catherine" has outrun our wildest hopes at the Garrick. "Cyrano de Bergerac" is poking his nose into every town in this broad land of ours. As for English, the two leading melodramas, "Sporting Life" and "The Christian," are still dazzling the multitude; and comedies from the two leading dramatists, Henry Arthur Jones's (or Oscar Wilde's) "The Liars," and Arthur W. Pinero's "Trelawny of the Wells," have an indefinite grip on the Empire and the Lyceum respectively. Moreover, all these gifts from over-sea are more than adequately staged and acted. For quite a while now we have all laughed with all our hearts, and any one who didn't know would think us the brightest and happiest little boy on the block.

The American Cosmopolite.

In one way perhaps we are. We know how to appreciate the *Gemüthlichkeit* of "Im Weissen Röss'l." We gorge the spicy Parisian obscenity as if it were a New England mince pie. We applaud the skill and verve of "On and Off"; we grasp the intimately Gallic motive of "Catherine." To hear us rave over "Cyrano" one would think we knew something of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Though essentially not a sporting nation, we enjoy the whiff of the stable in "Sporting Life," and Heaven only knows what worse thing it is we like in "The Christian." We are up to date with the atmosphere of fast English society in "The Liars," and we know enough of the Leech girl and her crinolines to be touch for touch with "Trelawny." In a word, I doubt if there is another public anywhere that would receive the intellectual wares of all nations with such undiscriminating discrimination.

"Clever, but is it Art?"

Undoubtedly clever as all this is, there is something that it is emphatically not. The one thing we Americans can't find on our stage is our own minds and hearts. We may like to gorge ourselves with the French pâté that so delights the Tenderloin, but in the end it will make us sick in a way that the home-made pie never can. It may be a lot of fun to strut with *Cyrano* in a soldier suit from France, but that is not the way we learned to fight at Bunker Hill and at San Juan. If the drama has any real use it is to give a fitting and a lasting form to all the best things we feel. By doing so it rouses in us the sense of what we are and what we are good for, and makes that sense a power. We are still having no end of a good time with our Christmas gifts, but by-and-by the Goddess of Liberty will grow tired of it all, and ask us why we don't run out into our own back yard and play with our mud pies and lath swords.

American Life. as seen from our own Back Yard.

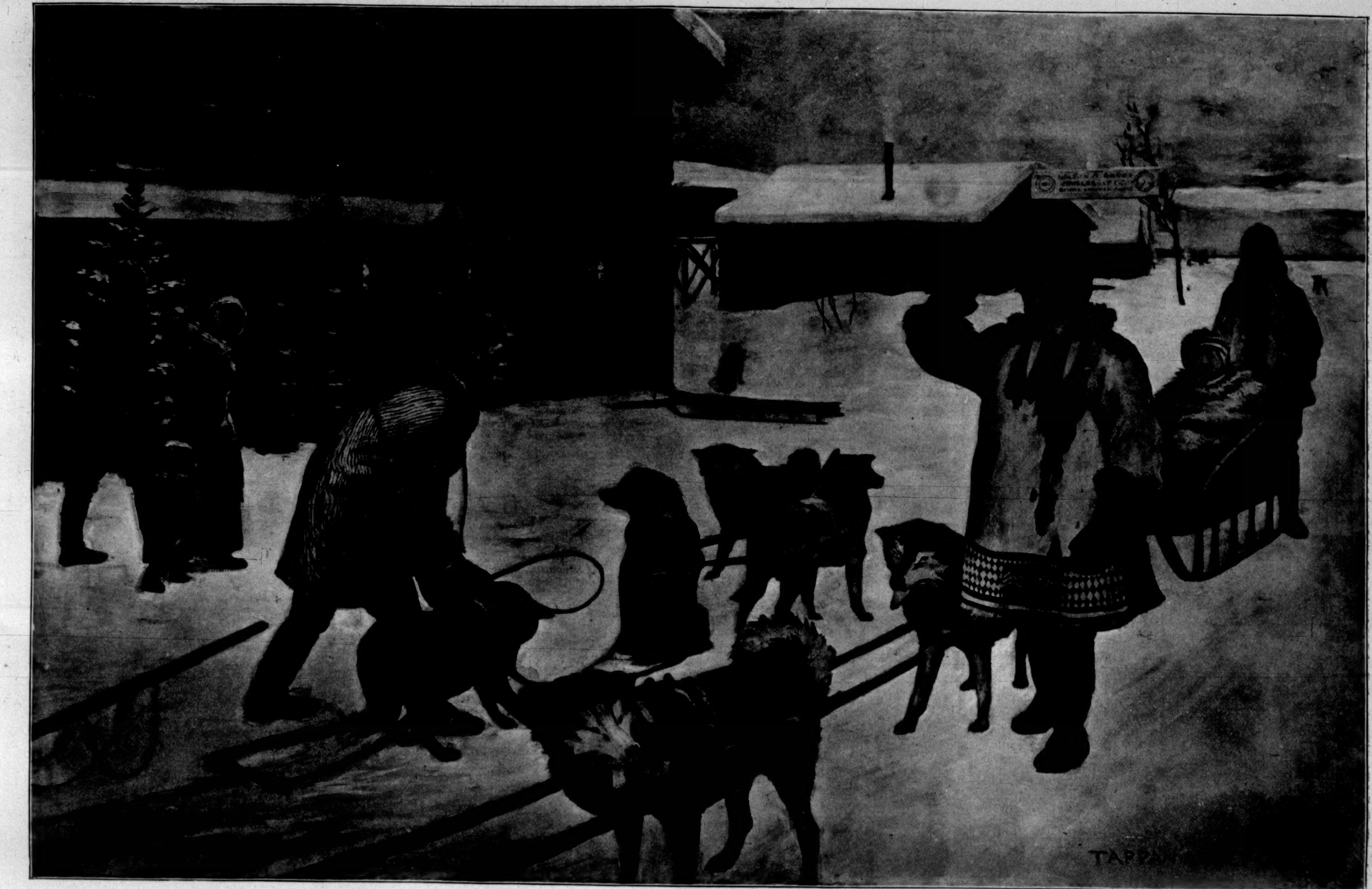
Meantime we have learned that our back yard is only a back yard. After seeing "Cyrano," who would go to "The Maine Avenged," or to "Red, White, and Blue"? Who cares for "Uncle Dick," even though Mr. Sol Smith Russell did bring a beam of good American sunshine into its dreary void? Mr. Augustus Thomas's "The Meddler," even with Mr. Stuart Robson to make it live, lacks the scenic aptitude we find in "The Liars" and "Trelawny." Of all the new plays of the season, thus far, Miss Irwin's "Kate Kip, Buyer" has most of the spirit of American life. Let us get all the satisfaction we can out of that!

Our latest hope was Mr. E. W. Presbury's "Worth a Million," with which Mr. William H. Crane opened at the Knickerbocker. The play has died almost without a struggle, but, because of its obvious effort to be artistically American, it is worth while to find out why it failed. The alleged amusement in the play is caused in part by the fact that an alleged lady has induced a man to propose marriage to her, in cold blood, for the purpose of bringing an alleged gentleman, whom she loves, to the point of proposing himself. She assumes that the alleged gentleman will eavesdrop if he gets the chance, and, to be sure, he does. All the people in the play are obtrusively fashionable. They talk glibly of a hotel called The Waldorf; they take runaway lunches at a confectioner's named Maillard, and relate what they ate with the unrelenting exactitude of a *menu*, even adding how much they paid for it all; and they bet boxes of something called Huyler's, with an air of *savoir-faire*. To clap the anticlimax, they allude to Hoboken as the acme of vulgarity and pretentiousness. The citizens of Hoboken have seldom had greater cause to complain. To any one who did not know their city it must seem self-evident that the people of the play all hailed from there, and were struggling to conceal the fact. It is almost a public duty to protest that in no part of any country could so many men and women be found who are so ill born and ill bred. In view of the fact that the play makes so great a virtue of dealing with American life, perhaps we all have a grievance. The long and short of it is, we have had so many new toys to play with that our own poor things are a bore.

The Wisdom of Santa Claus.

It would be easy to pull a long face over all this. Perhaps it would not be quite just. After all, Santa Claus, like most saintly and reverend parties, is, in the main, to be trusted. Little Boy would have learned by himself in the course of years that a mud pie is a mud pie, and a broomstick a broomstick. Perhaps Santa Claus knew all the time that a hobby-horse is the shortest cut from a broomstick to a Pegasus. In the end we shall learn that a French obscenity makes us sick, and that Gascon "langwidges" and a Gascon soldier suit have very little to do with the way we speak and fight. On the other hand, the lessons they have taught us in the mechanics and the literary capabilities of the drama are likely to endure. At least, people of our race have frequently been indebted to Latin races for a hint as to some new way of amusing ourselves. It has been gravely argued that in all the great eras in English literature the impulse has come from without; and it does seem as if the Anglo-Saxon temperament had to be thoroughly galvanized before it wakes up to the fact that about the most interesting things in this very interesting world are poems and pictures and plays. Chaucer took most of his stories, much of his versification, and perhaps all of his literary inspiration from French, Italian, and classical sources. Shakspere borrowed most of his plots and much of his manner directly, or indirectly, from the Continent. The lines in which *Portia* describes an English gentleman are suggestive on this point: "How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior everywhere." The Elizabethan poet was of a piece with the Elizabethan gentleman. Perhaps we Americans should be glad we have the cosmopolitanism of our very worthy ancestors. So wake up, you playwrights, and let us forget our mud pies and put off our soldier clothes. These foreign playthings are all well enough for a while, but we must grow up sufficiently to write and to enjoy the kind of plays that come home to us. Such plays are more fun and last longer than almost anything else in this bustling world, and when they come laughing down from generation to generation they hold a nation together in a way nothing else can.

JOHN CORBIN.



CHRISTMAS IN THE KLONDIKÉ—HOLIDAY GREETINGS BETWEEN AN "EL DORADO KING" AND A "DOG-PUNCHER" ON THE MAIN STREET OF DAWSON.

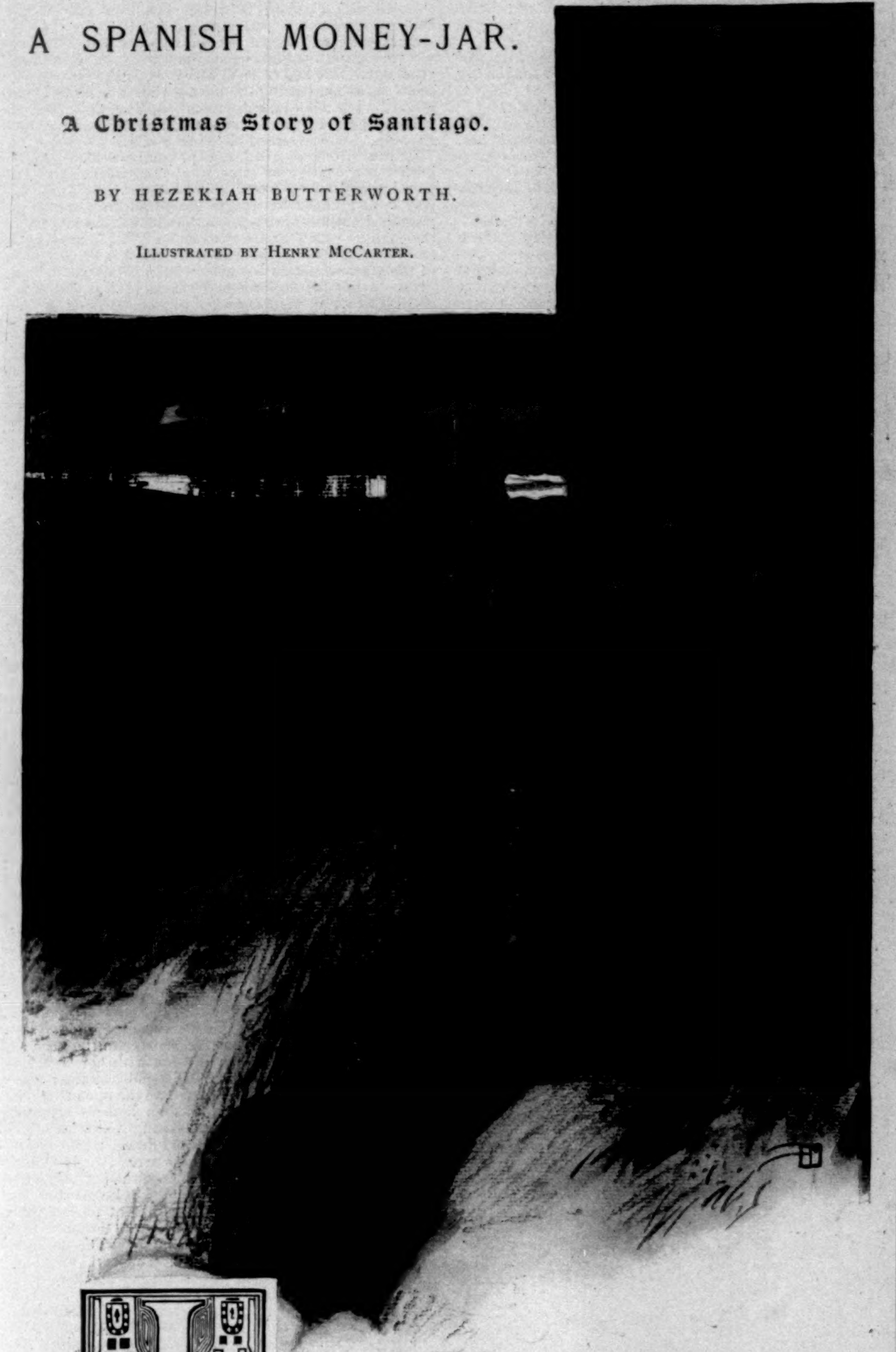
Drawn by Tappan Adney.—[See Page 1248.]

A SPANISH MONEY-JAR.

A Christmas Story of Santiago.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY MCCARTER.



IT was at the English consulate at Santiago de Cuba, where might be gathered tales that would have saved the head of the lovely vizier's daughter of Arabian romance, the enchanting Scheherazade. Such places are the Southern consulates, where float the lazy clouds of light cigars in palm-cooled air, with the blue sea rolling before them, and the still sky burning above. Such used to be the English consulate of the "City of Cuba," as the ancient collection of houses on the yellow mountain-side under the protection of St. James (Santiago) was called.

Some chance remarks made on a balcony of the consular office, by the vice-consul to a manager of the Cobre (copper) mines, were my first introduction to the strange story that I have to tell. Sitting in the cool, and looking listlessly down on the water-bright harbor—a bowl in the mountain, as it were—this consular agent said:

"I have often been sent by the consul to take charge of the effects of the dying. This is one of the curious duties of the consulate. The wishes of a dying man are sacred. To fulfil them is to be blessed, led, and prospered. To ignore them is to lose the right direction of life!"

He spoke the words absently, as though he thought he was overheard by some spirit in the air.

The dreamy remark started me on a new train of thought. I leaned forward and said,

"Mr. Mascaline, do the dead know?"

"Know? Yes. I am not a spiritualist, but I believe that those whom we help here come back and help us in the visions of a larger life. I am not a Catholic, but I have come to think that the Catholic doctrine of the Communion of Saints as applied to souls that are invisible is founded on eternal truth. The dead *do* know, and they give right and holy direction to the lives of those who once helped them in their need. I could tell you tales."

"Señor Mascaline, I have always thought that vice-consuls were engaged only in commercial things. I never saw before what an opportunity is given them for the study of spiritual mysteries, and I am glad to find that your experiences have led you to such cheerful views of the future, and to the kinship of departed souls, if such there be, to the living. Tell me some story of your consular life that has led you to your present views."

"Have you been listening to what is going on in the street?"

I had not. He referred to a religious procession—a common thing. Bells were beating the breathless air. A band of music was playing some far-away Andalusian air. It was surrounded by a moving crowd of negroes and peons. Then came military officers glittering in insignia, holding their hats in one hand and candles in the other; the Governor-General followed, glittering with the regalia of his office, a man of gold. Then the city council, and after them white-robed priests, and a gorgeous catafalque borne on the shoulders of negroes, on which was a jewelled image of the Virgin.

As the image passed under our eyes like a vision, Mr. Mascaline said:

"That is the Virgin of Charity. Her shrine is at the village of Cobre, near the copper-mines, some twelve miles from here. The value of the offerings to the shrine of the Virgin of Charity amounted to $30,000 in a single year."

He then told me the legend of this image—a wonder which was found drifting upon the sea.

"Do you believe the legend, señor?" I asked.

"No."

"Do you believe in making offerings to such a shrine?"

"Ah, my friend, I am not so clear there. Sacrifices of faith lift the soul into spiritual light. Let me tell you the tale of an offering that was made to that shrine by a young Englishman who did not believe the legend of the Virgin of the sea. It is a Christmas story. Christmas is a joy here; the world all seems to be born again when the bells of the cathedral are echoed from the mountain-side. It is a story that will illustrate what I mean when I say that the wishes of the dead are sacred, and that in fulfilling them we bring favorable influences into our lives—wings, white wings—angels' wings. Did you never read in the ancient Scriptures how that one prayed that 'angels' wings might encompass him like a wall'? You may think me superstitious, but I mind that they do, my American friend—I mind that they do."

He leaned on a table, on which were cards which he never played, and a bottle of aguardiente from which he never drank. His life followed the best traditions of the Church of England, and had become spiritualized beyond any set forms.

"Did you ever see a Spanish money-jar?" he began.

"No, señor."

"They are made of clay, with round bowls and long necks, like water-jars. They were once used for the purpose of burying money."

He added:

"The grandees used them in the times of the pirates and boucaniers. The Church buried them in the patios. The peons buried them in their gardens. When the peons were dying they would tell the secret of the places where their money-jars were buried to some relatives or friends, and they in turn would tell it to others in their last hours. So a Spanish money-jar would lie buried in the same place, under the same date-palm or ceiba (cottonwood) tree for generations. A money-jar is the subject of my story.

"Some twenty years or more ago there came to Santiago a young English naturalist named Ralph Marlowe. He was a dissipated man, and soul and body had both been weakened by dissolute habits. But he had a warm, generous heart and a high sense of honor, which he had been too weak to follow. There was the making of a glorious man in him, and he won my affections in spite of his weakness, as some men do.

"He was the son of a baronet. He had been sent adrift from home on account of a scandal that he had brought upon a proud family. He turned naturalist as an excuse to hide his ruined influence. What he needed was a return to honor, but what he wanted was money. How could he become rich in this far-away Spanish province of Santiago? This question haunted him continually.

"One day, as we were seated in the consulate as you and I are now, a strange thing happened. The building began to tremble. The whole city trembled as if shaken by an invisible giant; dust clouds rose from the mountains; the harbor grew dark, and towers fell down. People rushed into the streets, crying 'Terremoto! terremoto!' (the earthquake). They fell on their knees in the squares and cried for mercy to the heavens. The whole city seemed to crumble, and the walls to dissolve into the earth.

"A number of churches in the province of Santiago fell, and the adobelike walls that encompassed them lay scattered around the ruined towers. The priests left their old places, and soon after the disaster it began to be whispered about in Santiago that one might gain a fortune by searching for the money-jars buried in the abandoned church gardens.

"Ralph Marlowe heard the exciting suggestion, and the thrill of an adventurer filled his soul. He thought of little but money-jars.

"'Gold, gold!' he said to me one day. 'I must have it. That is what I came here for. I must have it to redeem my lost reputation, consul!' He added: 'Let me make a journey with you to the coffee farms. There are orchids there that I wish to see. There are trees there that grow around trees. There are trees that grow on trees, and suck their sap like as sin eats up the soul.'

"'Ralph,' said I—for such I had come to call him—'you need something better than gold to redeem your reputation. What you need is a new sense of honor.'

"'I have the sense,' said he, 'but not the strength.'

"He looked me in the face pitifully, and said: 'There are some things richer than orchids in the mountains, Señor Consul. I can see them in my mind. They haunt me. They won't let me rest.'

"'What are they?' I asked.

"'Money-jars. What wouldn't I give if I could return to England rich? Señor Consul, you must help me.'

"He bent an earnest face on me, and added:

"'Think of it—discredited at twenty-one! Shunned by society! I have done wrong, but, oh, how I have suffered! You do pity me, don't you, Señor Consul?'

"I did pity him. I told him that he might make a journey with me to the cafetales of Guantanamo. The place is one of the most beautiful in the world, and some day, when a good government shall give opportunity to Cuba, this region will be filled with American, English, or German life which will reap fortunes from one of the most productive districts under the sun.

"We set out for the coffee plateaus.

"We went by boat to the harbor of Guantanamo. Then we rode up the hills. The rainy season had passed. The sky was a splendor, and the wonderful vegetation a charm. The earth here pours forth vegetation as from fountains of life. The world has yet to discover Guantanamo.

"There was everything on the way to enchant a naturalist. There were ceiba-trees in fetters, being pulled down to the earth by the lianas of the cupey. I could but feel the likeness of the captive ceiba to the case of my young friend.

"But his mind was no longer on the ceiba or cupey. Splendid orchids swung in the air, varieties that I had never seen before, but his eye was lost to their beauty. One thing alone haunted him now—it was the finding of money-jars. Of this he talked with every way-side peon whom he met.

"As we ascended the mountains, there was opened to our view the glory of the sea. The air was as clear as crystal, and every breath seemed full of life. Every light breath of the sea-breeze caused a quivering of palms, as in the fabled orchards of leaves of gold. The sky was like purple fire, and yet it seemed to mingle with the earth.

"No gardens of kings could equal the vegetation of the slopes and plateaus. Here were fragrant gardens of wild orange-trees; here the sweet-scented jasmines trailed over the decaying trees; here the delicate heliotrope checkered the open ways. Pomegranates showed their red cheeks amid the quiver of leaves. Date-palms with green necks loomed so high in air as hardly to cast a shadow.

"Butterflies like flowers bloomed out here and there, insects like gems gleamed among the byways, and everywhere clusters of palms rose like tents, and cocoanuts that lifted their cool buckets of milk-water in the air.

"The sunset on the sea was like the last day. The tropic night fell quickly—the shutting of the doors of heaven. The sea turned violet; then the stars came out, like sentinels guarding the earth. The near planets hung liquid and low, like lights in the silent chambers of the Deity. High among them shone the Southern Cross.

"The far-away turquoise sea became a scintillation of stars, a palpitating splendor of fervid airs and soporific breezes and crepuscular dimnesses. As we journeyed upward, we seemed to be ascending the sky.

"I had letters to mine host, Monsieur Rosseau, who expected us, and whose *casa* was illuminated in honor of our arrival.

"Mine host was a Frenchman, his wife was a Spanish lady, and her mother, Señora Lance, was an ancient Spanish dame nearly a hundred years old. She was a strange character. She sat on the balcony much of the time as one dead.

"I addressed this aged woman. She crossed herself and said,

"'*Mi casa está á su disposicion.*' (My house is yours.)

"Ralph, with his mind full of money-jars, seemed intensely and instinctively drawn to this strange woman.

"Before we were called out to tea he sat down by her on the wide veranda under the great fanlike shadows of the royal palms. He made a few complimentary remarks in clear words in regard to the beauty of the country, and then approached the subject nearest to his heart.

"'Is any treasure ever found in this country?'

"The withered señora crossed herself, and shook her head mechanically as one dead.

"'Any *money-jars?*'

"Señora Lance started like a form galvanized.

"'It is you who say that.' She crossed herself again, and spoke like one talking out of the past.

"'And who said there were, and why do you ask that? Have you the inner vision? Pardon!'

"Her head turned to and fro, and she said:

"'Excuse me if I have been rude. I am tired. I am almost to the end of the way, and am tired. I am resting a little before I go. Money-jars!'

"Her withered hands started up; her form bent forward. The effort seemed to exhaust her. She fell back in the chair as one dead, again dropping a gold snuff-box into her lap.

"We were called to our meal. The presiding genius of the dining-room was a mulatto, or creole, the sight of whom filled me with surprise, and whose proportions I shall never forget. She must have weighed more than three hundred pounds. She talked Spanish, French, and English, mingling the three languages in an odd way that held one by its singularity.

"She tried to bow as we entered the room. How could she? There was no part of her body that could bend. So she shook her white apron and blinked the large white spaces of her eyes.

"'*Bonjou', messieurs. Buenas noches, señors.* Ebening, sars [sirs] Americanos.'

"She flapped her white apron three times, and directed us to our places at the table, and surveyed us while the mozos brought in the food. Ralph was as absent as usual, and she studied him doubtfully, her arms, as large as an ordinary body, resting on her hips, with her hands turned back, and the fingers moving as though weaving.

"The table was bountiful. At every order that we gave, our fat French housekeeper, whose name was *Merci*, said 'Merci!' and shook her apron. She seemed to feel a sense of gratitude at being able to serve us. We called her 'Missie,' for so our host had done.

"Our bedroom was on the ground-floor, for the house was built around a patio, in which were fountains, flowers, birds, dogs, and an orange-tree.

"In the room were two iron beds. We were about to disrobe, when Missie appeared, shook her apron and said,

"'*Mi casa á su disposicion!*'

"She shook her apron again and retired to an adjoining room; for the mistress of the tables was a woman of no common importance, and this one was a creole—and a seeress, as we afterwards found.

"I threw myself upon my bed exhausted. The falling water on the fountain outside and the fragrance of the orange-tree soon led me away to the border-land of sleep, when I was startled by an agonizing cry from Ralph:

"'Señor Consul—wake!'

"'Como?' said I, dreamily.

"'What indeed, Señor Consul. Your life is in danger. Wake! What is that on the wall over your bed?'

"With a great effort I opened my eyes.

"'Nothing but a spider,' as I saw that insect, as big as a bird, with feathered legs, retreating towards the roof.

"'Nothing, Señor Consul? Nothing? Do you call that nothing? It is a tarantula. He will drop down on you, and then you will be dead. Wake!'

"'That's nothing,' answered I. 'The house is full of them. They never trouble any one.' The insect was hurrying away as fast as his many legs would carry him.

"How cool to my dulling senses was the falling of the springs of the fountains in the moonlight! I could see the drops glisten through lattice curtains as I closed my eyes. I breathed again the fragrance of the orange-tree, and sleep once more led me to her border-land, when another shriek pierced the air like a fife note.

"'Señor Consul—Deo Supremo! Señor!'

"I said not a word. A sea-breeze moved the lattice curtains—how delicious!

"'Señor Consul—Consul señor! There's a *snake* in the room!'

"'Go to sleep, my friend. I am weary. Is it black?'

"'Black? Black as the imp of darkness himself. I can see him now. He lies at the foot of your bed. I can see his eye *wink.*'

"'Oh, amigo, go off to sleep in this cool mountain air. That's nothing but a *ratter.*'

"'A rattler!' he said, as if electrified, starting up in bed like a New England ghost from a grave. 'A rattler?'

"'No, no—a *ratter.* Now let us both go to sleep; everything will be all right in the morning, and the valley will be below us, and you shall see the most glorious sunrise that ever broke upon your view.' I closed my eyes and refused to answer any more questions.

"Presently I heard Ralph knock on the side of the partition at the foot of his bed, that connected with the big fat woman's room.

"She gave a groan.

"'Missie!'

"'Bonjou', señor,' she said, half French and half Spanish.

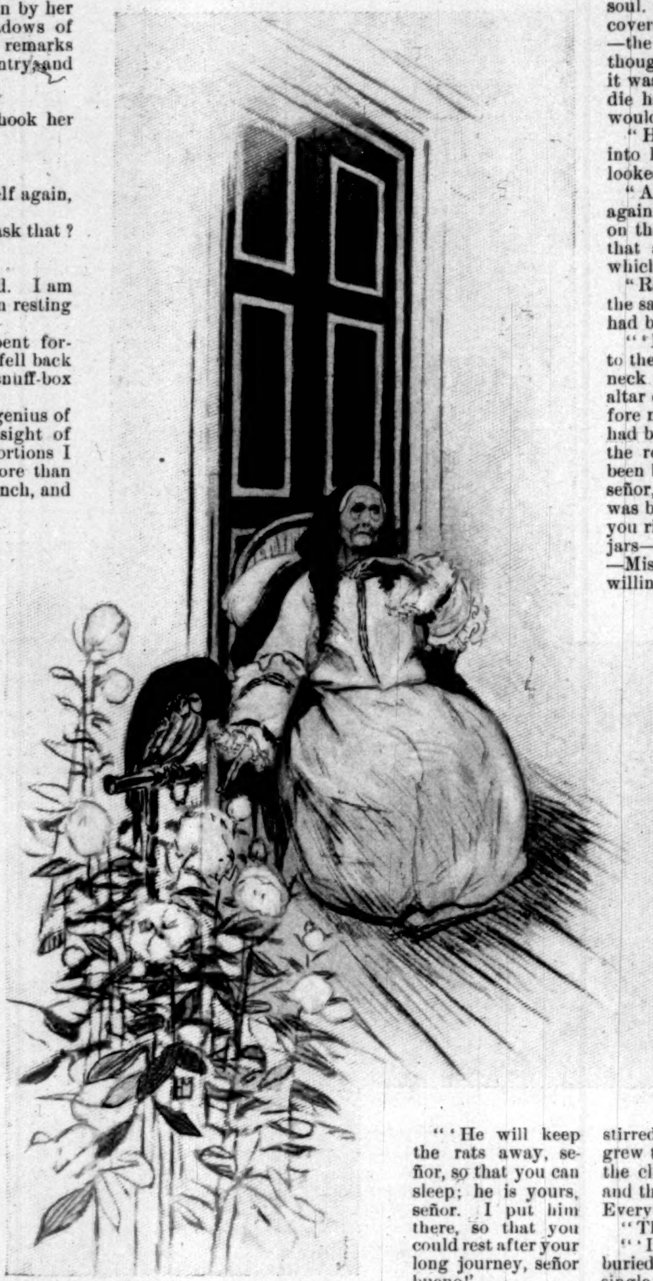
"'Missie!'

"'Yes; the top of the morning,' she said, in English. 'Is it morning?'

"No, Missie; there's a snake in the room. A snake!'

"'Mi serpiente á su disposicion, señor.' (My snake is yours.)

"'Deo Supremo! What is that you say, Missie? Have I gone mad? He winks. Missie—say!—his eye goes round!'



"SEÑORA LANCE STARTED, LIKE A FORM GALVANIZED."

"'He will keep the rats away, señor, so that you can sleep; he is yours, señor. I put him there, so that you could rest after your long journey, señor bueno!'

"She saw that it was not yet morning, and she vanished into the land of dreams.

"There was a whirring, *whishing* sound on the floor. The domestic snake was moving with almost electrical swiftness after some poor unfortunate rat that had found a way into the room through the loose floor. There was a little squeal, and the ratter and rat were gone. Missie was snoring. I opened my eyes, which seemed glued, and never did I see such a form of terror as that which sat up shaking in the other cot.

"'Jumping Jackson!' cried Ralph, suddenly using an unknown classical term of provincial origin. 'Am I mad?'

"'That is only a domestic snake,' said I, 'as harmless as a bird. They keep such about the place for ratters. There would be little comfort here without them.'

"We woke up in the morning. Clarinas were singing in the patio. I lifted the curtain, and never burst upon my eyes such a scene of extended beauty. I roused Ralph, and we two went out on the veranda.

"The peaks and mornes were flaming. Below was the valley of Guantanamo. The coffee-farms in dewy freshness glittered like far billows of the sea. Everywhere gleamed in the air the tentlike palms.

"The old Spanish lady came hobbling out thus early and sunk into her chair.

"'Bueno!' she said.

"'Como pasa la noche?' said Ralph.

"'Mal—badly,' she said, with shaking hands. 'What you said last night touched my mind.'

"'And what was that, señora? I am sorry indeed if I have made the night unquiet.'

"'About the money-jar. Did you ever hear of my Fidele?' Her hands trembled again.

"'No, señora. May I ask you who was Fidele?'

"'My little daughter—she went away sixty or more years ago. She had come to love God, so she did not die; she went away, leaving the form—what a beautiful form it was!' The old woman's hands shook again. '*She* had a money-jar. I'll tell you about it all as soon as I get my strength.' She added, 'Fidele was a saint.'

"'I'm stronger now,' she presently said. 'Fidele buried her money-jar under the ceiba-tree. After she went on beyond we went to find it, and it was gone. It was buried under the tangle grass, and the roots of the grass had not been broken. It was gone. No man in all the country round would have stolen Fidele's money-jar, and the pirates never could have disturbed it, else the roots of the grass would have been broken. The roots of that grass do not break for many years. But it was gone.' She seemed lost, then roused up again. 'What do you suppose became of Fidele's money-jar? The money in it was nothing to me, but that jar was very precious to her soul. There was a fortune of gold in that jar, and she covered the gold doubloons with frankincense and myrrh—the bishop gave those perfumes to her. It seemed as though her soul was buried in that money-jar—not because it was so rich in gold, but for a sacred reason. I would die happy if I could know that jar had been found. I would give back to the finder doubloon for doubloon.'

"Her hands shook again. The sea sunlight streamed into her face, and in it she sank into a deep sleep and looked like one dead, as before.

"At breakfast the ponderous Missie flapped her apron again, and, when the meal was over, went out and sat down on the cool water-sprayed patio to talk with a parrot, that answered all her questions with, '*No necesito,*' to which the fat creole replied, piously, 'Jesis Ma'ia!'

"Ralph joined her. He began to question her about the saintly Fidele, and the place where the lost money-jar had been buried.

"'Bon Die'!' said Missie, reverently. 'I could take you to the very spot. That jar was as tall as a baby, and its neck was as long as a flamingo's, and it smelled like the altar of heaven—so I have been told. It all happened before my day. But they dug for it when I was a girl—it had been conjured—the jar had been conjured away, for the roots of the tangled grass that lasts forever had not been broken. If you will follow me out into the cool, señor, I will take you to the ceiba-tree where the treasure was buried. If you could find it, the señora would make you rich. She is rich. She is likely to have many money-jars—but she only cared for that one jar. Monsieur Señor—Mister Ralph—I have heard her say that she would be willing to die poor if she could only find that one jar. I sometimes think in imaginations that Fidele put her jewels into the jar. There was something peculiar about it—I never knew what—only they say that the señora has talked of it for sixty years. She once lost a ship at sea, and never spoke of it often. *Venga*—follow me!'

"She waddled away through the garden that was bending with flowers. She met a blacksnake in the way, and pushed him aside with her bare foot. Ralph travelled rapidly by the place.

"They came into the open fields, and beyond it was an ancient ceiba-tree that lianas had caught as with a lasso and were pulling down.

"The sun was fierce now, and Missie sunk down into the shadow of the tree.

"Ralph sat down beside her, and looked up to the mountains and down to the sea. Over the latter a great steamer was passing. The mountain air was melting. The world all seemed like an island floating about in a vast sea of sunlight.

"How the sargazo gleamed like a cloth of gold and pearls on the far dazzling ocean! How the tepid wind stirred the top of the imprisoned ceiba-tree! How green grew the mangoes along a winding stream below! How the clouds with pearl and aureate lustres drifted here and there in the sun, like the robes of goddesses' chariots! Everything was life.

"The grass at the foot of the tree lay in a mat.

"'It was there,' said Missie, 'that the money-jar was buried.' She touched the spot with her bare feet. A single stone was there.

"'Missie,' asked Ralph, 'did anything ever happen between the time when the jar was buried and when they went out to find it?'

"'Nothing, monsieur, nothing; at least nothing but the earthquake. That turned many things about—the solid hills and all; but it did not move the ceiba-tree. It did not break the grass mat. No, no, nothing has happened. No wars, no pirates—that all ceased long, long ago. No!'

"'How was the treasure buried, Missie?'

"'And you may well ask that. They dug a hole in the earth, and came to a solid rock, like that you see up yonder. Then they picked a hole in the hard rock and set into it the money-jar, and sealed it up with ground stone. That ground stone would have had to be picked out. I would not like to do it!

"'Now comes the marvel,' she added. 'Jesis—Ma'ia! They opened the hole to find the jar, and they found that the roots of the grass had not been broken; but when they came to the rock, it was solid. It was as solid as though it had never been drilled at all. The jar had been conjured away. Mon Die'!'

"'Did the earthquake move the rocks on the mountain, Missie?'

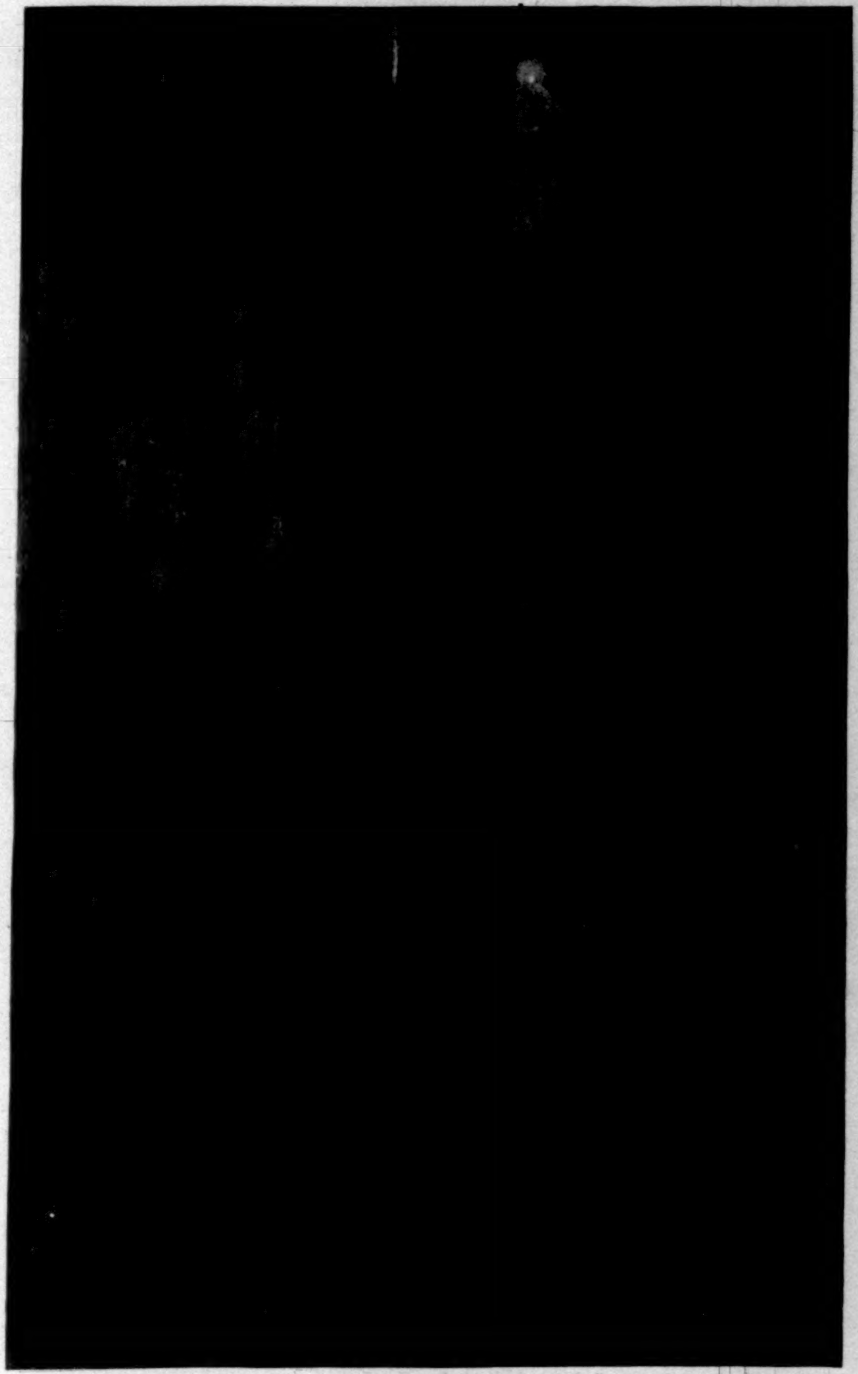
"'And sure it did; it tumbled them down like a giant. The mountain moved. A hill over yonder went down, and there rose a lake!'

"'Was that rock above us moved?'

"'A little way, señor.'

"Ralph measured the distance from the rock on the mountain-side to the rock under the ceiba-tree. He reasoned that the two rocks were a part of each other. A strange light came into his face.

"'Which way was the rock on the hill moved?' he asked.



"'A VISION COMES TO ME. . . . SEÑOR, *THIS DAY SHALL LIVE AGAIN.*'"

"'To the west.' She pointed with her loglike arm.

"He measured the distance that the rock under the tree and the mat of earth would have been moved to follow the angle of the rock on the hill, and he placed his eye on the very spot where he believed the lost money-jar could be found. He saw how the rock could have changed place without moving the earth above it. The rock could have moved *under* the detached earth. He saw a possible solution to the long mystery.

"He sat down under the ceiba-trees, and Missie told him the stories that she had heard of the little saint Fidele. The girl had sought to fill the money-jar, to bury it, and had died of some mountain fever—that was all.

"They went back to the quinta, as the rambling house of the hacienda was sometimes called.

"The withered señora had awakened, and she said,

"'Señor Ralph, if you will find Fidele's money-jar I will return you doubloon for doubloon.'

"'Señora,' said Ralph, 'pardon me, but may I ask *why* that jar was so dear to *her* heart?—your family was rich without it.'

"'Yes, yes; *si, si; oui, oui.* I am glad to hear you ask that. Sit down there, and I will tell you. This was the reason: It was to be a Christmas gift. The dear child had set her heart upon that!'

"Her head moved to and fro.

"'You may have heard of the Virgin of Charity at Cobre.'

"'Yes, señora!'

"'Well, the dear child had set her heart on making a Christmas gift to the Virgin of Charity at the shrine. It was not for herself that she filled the money-jar; no, no. It is not for the money that I want that money-jar; no, no. What do I care about money when my soul is about to rise? What I want the money-jar for is to fulfil the wish of my little saint's life; to send it, as she expected to do, to the shrine of My Lady of Charity. I said I would give you doubloon for doubloon if you would find that precious jar with its frankincense and myrrh! The perfumes may be dead now. I will give you two doubloons for one. That jar is a treasure that belongs to the altar of heaven.'

"Her head dropped; she crossed herself, and sat motionless. She then lifted her face again, and said:

"'*She* comes back to me sometimes, like a star, when I sleep. Oh, those dreams are blessed!'

"The next day Ralph wandered about the mountain plateau with restless feet. In the dusk the family and their guests gathered again on the veranda.

"The night grew more and more luminous and beautiful. The veranda was wide, and the people in the service of the household gathered upon it, where they could receive the cool air that came up from the sea. There was a mulatto, a sort of major-domo, who had made himself locally famous by purchasing his brother from slavery in his younger days. The Spanish slavery had merciful features, and among these was the slave's privilege of earning money during holidays. The holidays in Cuba were many, and this man, who had purchased his own freedom by such work, also bought the liberty of his brother, and made the youth a Christmas present to his mother.

"This man could play the guitar in a rude but musical way. He brought out the instrument, and strummed a number of old haunting airs. He at last touched a chord of 'Bonnie Doon.' Ralph started up nervously at the sound, and said:

"'I used to be a choir-boy. I have sung that air at Christmas festivals to the words of an English poet who died young, and who had been tempest-tossed by infidelity. White was his name; the poet-laureate Southey writes of him.'

"He repeated the words 'tempest-tossed,' walking with his hands behind him, and added,

"'There is something in that ballad that haunts me—it seems to be a parable of my life somehow.'

"Ralph became very restless amid these quiet scenes. We asked him to sing the ballad as he used to do when a choir-boy. The mulatto played the soul-haunting air, and Ralph sang the ballad of the poet who had been 'tempest-tossed' by infidelity, as he had done at English church festivals when a boy:

'When marshalled on the nightly plain
The glittering host bestud the sky.'

"When he had finished the first stanza he gave a nervous turn, and said:

"'I used to sing the second verse in the boy choir as a solo. What wouldn't I give to feel again as I did then? I wish I could be my old Christmas self again!'

"The last words impressed me. His true soul was in them. He had noble impulses, but he had fallen under the power of his lower nature, and a struggle to gain a better will was going on within. He sung the stanza, in which the poet described his own conflict:

'Once on the raging seas I rode:
  The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
  The wind that tossed my foundering bark;
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
  Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose—
  It was the star of Bethlehem!'

"His voice was usually sympathetic, and to-night it had a pathetic tone. The cooling of the azure heat, the far-away glimmer of the dusky opal sea, the wine of the mountain air, the silent march of the stars, made the night one to awaken latent feelings. The better soul of Ralph came out in that old English Christmas song, but it disappeared. Money-jars took the place of the star of his vision.

"Ralph's desire to find hidden gold grew more and more intense. His mind returned to it in all he said or did. He went *botanizing* daily.

"One day he returned with a piece of the trunk of a jaquey-tree, a glory of the woods. This tree begins its life on the branches of a common tree, and grows downward and roots itself in the earth, and then enfolds the tree on which it has had its growth, and causes the latter to decay. The new tree then flourishes in bloom and beauty, having eaten up the old one.

"He brought to me the trunk of the jaquey-tree which he had sawn out. It was a kind of parable to him.

"'It may be so in life,' he said. 'The beautiful may grow on the worthless material and consume it, and cause it to disappear in the flowers of the air.'

"Ralph wandered over these regions on horseback, taking a great interest in the gardens of churches and in wayside shrines.

"Missie, from the French islands, said to me one day, pointing to her turbaned head,

"'I mind that young man is conjured; now he is; I can see it in my inner eye.' She flapped her white apron knowingly, and added, oddly, 'Or it may be that he has been bitten by a *jigger*.'

"He used to come home late at night. Now he had been to some far-away sugar-mill; once to a zapateado. But twice I noticed a strange thing: he poured water from the water-jar over the ends of his fingers; they were bloody, and the nails were torn.

"He did not sleep; he would start up in the night and cry out, 'Money-jars!' and strike out here and there with his torn hands, as though there were money-jars in the air.

"Ralph became more absent, queerer, and more restless nights. He seemed to have made some discovery. I would ask him where he had been, and he would return but one answer, which was, 'Botanizing.' Once he brought home a species of the night-blooming cereus, and said, 'It blooms alone among the rocks, but it is beautiful.'

"He would sit up in bed nights, holding his head in his hands. He did not seem to hear the plash of the fountains in the darkness, nor the singing of the clarinas in the red rifts of the morning. I began to feel an aversion to him, and I wondered what the future of this strange life would be.

"One day he did not come home. I was greatly alarmed. The beautiful forests were full of poisons, pitfalls, and dangers, and the young man had become more and more absent-minded.

"We searched for him, but found no trace of his wanderings, except that the earth had been opened by some unknown hand at a place some distance from the ceiba-tree. The matted grass there had been broken. Missie said that he had buried himself there.

"Two days after his disappearance I received a note that caused my heart to stand still. It read strangely, and I read between the lines:

"'Señor,—I have found some rare orchid specimens and other things. I have barrelled them, and wish to take them direct to Santiago on the steamboat that sails to-day. You shall hear from me in Santiago. Thank your friends for the courtesies they have shown me. You shall know more.

Ralph Marlowe.'

"What had happened? Who had helped Ralph to *barrel* the rare orchids? How did he get to the sea? Was this letter true? Had he found the money-jar? If so, why had he not returned it to the señora and received the reward? Had he reasoned that it would be discourteous to me to accept a reward for such a service? There had been going on some undercurrent of life; there was not a true ring in this message. In some way his heart now was untrue. I gasped as I read it, and, when I spoke of its contents to the señora, she said:

"'Now I shall never find the money-jar. I wanted the Virgin of Charity to have that before I died; I wanted her to have it for Fidele's sake. I care for nothing more.'

"She waved her fan in the hot air, dropped her trembling hands, and fell asleep as one dying. I pitied her.

"I was sorry that I had given my confidence to Ralph Marlowe. There was something wrong in his conduct, or he would not have left me in this way, so discourteous to those to whom I had introduced him. I was hurt.

"A week passed, when I returned to the consulate of Santiago de Cuba, hoping to find the young man there; but he did not appear. He had gone to Cobre, evidently to avoid me.

"The week before the Christmas holidays I went to Cobre. I there met Ralph at a fonda and pasada. It was a withered man who stood before me.

"'Ralph,' I exclaimed, 'what has happened to you? What has changed you in this manner? Have you had the fever?'

"'Yes, I have had a fever—God knows what it is—a fever of the mind I think it is. Señor, *I found the money-jar,* and I am haunted. I will die after this way—have pity on me once more. Come out under the tamarind-trees, Señor Mascaline, and I will tell you.'

"A shadow seemed passing before me as I followed him.

"'You found the money-jar?' I said. 'Why did you not return with it to the señora? You would have been honorably rewarded.'

"'I reasoned then that you would not have allowed me to receive a reward as a guest of the house. These Spaniards are gentlemen.'

"I gasped, 'Where is the money-jar?'

"'It is here in Cobre.'

"He continued his narrative:

"'The country people, who are all heart and kindness, helped me barrel the jar in orchids and take it to the sea.

"'We embarked. The sea was like glass as we sailed away. Then I began to think of what I had done, and a fire was kindled within me. It burned—here in my heart. My thoughts caused it to burn. No one can tell what I have suffered.

"'We had not been long out to sea when a cloud began to stretch across the sky like an apparition. It darkened and threw a shadow over the waters. Then a wind arose coming down from Cape Maisi, to the north. The boat tossed about like a shaving. She took in water. The sailors cast out the cargo, and ordered me to roll out the barrel.

"'I refused; they stormed. Such thunder! Such lightning! The heavens seemed bowed upon the sea.

"'They threw over the barrel. It was my life; my heart was in it. It floated, and I threw myself upon it, and drifted with it upon the war of the waters. I lost it in the rain and darkness, but swam and found it again. I never could have believed that such a power of struggle was in me. Señor, as the storm broke, something happened. I will tell you what happened when you shall come to have confidence in me. Some day I will tell you all.

"'After the storm the sailors found me, and I drew the barrel after the boat with a cord.

"'We landed at Santiago. I looked in the glass at the hotel, and saw that something had come over me. I could not tell what. I do not know now, only that my heart was on fire, and thoughts made it burn, and I withered. Then I thought of Fidele, and a new spirit came to me.

"'Señor, you will be slow to believe what I am about to say, after my unworthy conduct. That money-jar belongs to the *soul* of Fidele.'

"'Bueno!' I said, in the sense of *well*.

"'She had prepared it as an offering to the shrine of the Virgin of Charity. To make a pilgrimage to the shrine with this offering was the dearest wish of her life.'

"'Bueno, my friend.'

"'I desire to make that gift to the shrine for her now, after she has laid in the grave for sixty years. But, señor, I am a thief.'

"'You are a thief, amigo mio.'

"'I hoped never to hear the winds of Cape Maisi again, except on a home voyage, but I must go back to the señora on the mountains and confess my conduct.'

"'Bueno, bueno; that resolution is worth more than all the money-jars of Spain!'

"'If she forgive me, I am going to ask her permission to make a Christmas offering of the money-jar to the shrine, as a penitent soul. A new spirit seems to be guiding me. All my desires have changed. I have found a new person in me. I have now the strength to do right. Help me to begin. I am going to live again. Señor Consul, you have been true to me, a roofless wanderer.'

"'There is but one way to begin a new life, and to cause the new spirit that you have found in you to grow: Go back to the señora! That is the first step.'

"He dared the winds from Cape Maisi and the plunging waters again, and in a week he returned to Santiago and came to Cobre.

"I could see a new joy in his face. My heart leaped to his.

"'What said the señora?' asked I. 'You told her all?'

"'All, señor. I made a glass of my soul.'

"'And what did the señora say?'

"'She said: "Amigo, I forgive you all. Take the money-jar to the shrine of Our Lady of Charity, for I can see that God wills you to do it. This is the hour I have been waiting for all these withering years. Now I can die content." She said that. Then she crossed herself and called to Monsieur Rosseau: "Let him be rewarded, doubloon for doubloon."

"'Then she began to tremble. Her hands trembled, and then they were still. Her face quivered, and then it became like wax. Her eyelids fell, and she sat there like a thing of clay; her breath was gone. Señor, how mysterious is life!'

"'Did they reward you?'

"'Señor, can you think that I would accept any reward after my conduct? There is a new spirit in me. I am going to-day to give up the money-jar. Will you go with me?'

"I began to hope for the new man that I saw in Ralph Marlowe. I analyzed his motives now—he was not seeking for gain, but for honor, and freedom from the sins that bound him, and that sense of honor came from a desire to fulfil a trust of the dead. I went with him to the church.

"Do the dead know?

"The money-jar was tall and heavy. It had handles like ears, and two mulattoes bore it after us. The people stared as we passed through Cobre.

"Palm-Sunday had passed, but the church was still a bower of palms. The air was heavy with the odors of faded flowers.

"We saw at the altar the parish priest. He was directing the decorations for the Christmas festival. He came down the aisle to meet us at the door, in his dark robe, and with an illumined face. His eye fell upon the money-jar.

"'What have you here, señors?' he asked, in a tone so spiritual that it showed that his service was faith-inspired and sincere. 'Is it an offering? We have need of money. The poor multiply.'

"'A money-jar,' said Ralph, in Spanish—'an offering from the dead.'

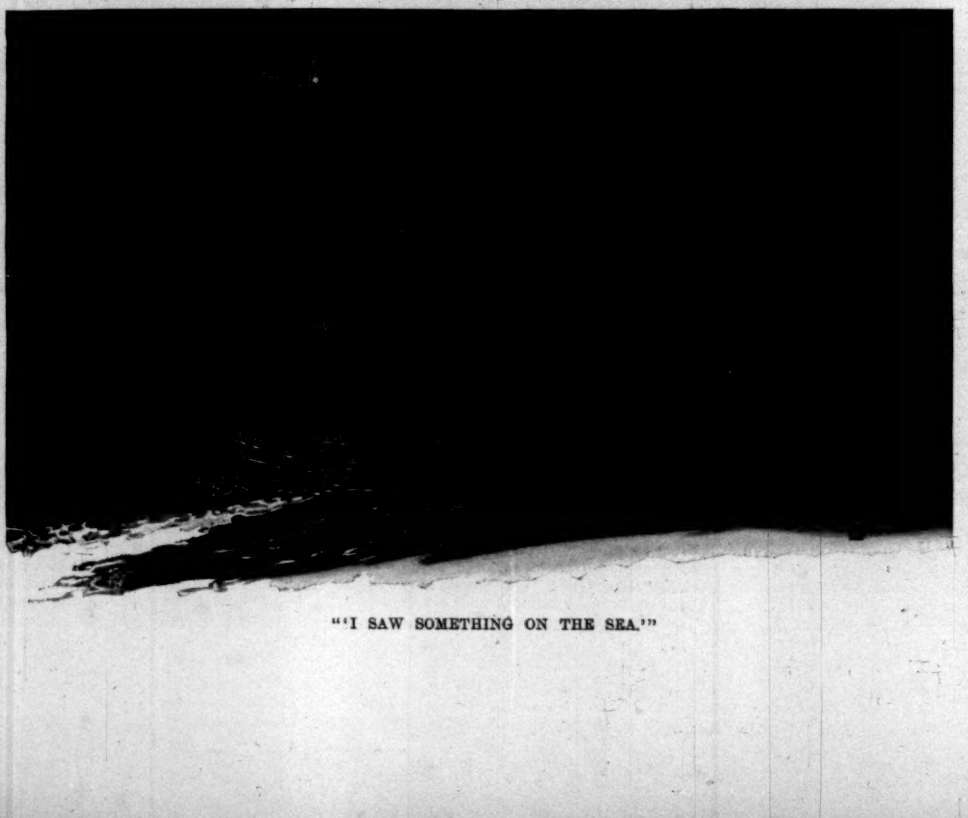
"'It is a strange experience to which you introduce me, señor—a mystery. When did the owner of the treasure die?'

"'Sixty or more years ago, your reverence.'

"'That is marvellous indeed. But, pardon, how did the money-jar fall into your hands? Pardon; I would know, since you bring it here.'

"I looked at the face of Ralph. A high purpose rose into his eyes. A new man had indeed come into him. I could see the new soul as he answered in honest tones that echo a clear soul:

"'I found it. I stole it after I found it; I now bring it to you, though I am one whom your Church would call a heretic. I am not a Catholic, but, Catholic or Protestant, I love all men who seek to be led by the spirit of God.'



"I SAW SOMETHING ON THE SEA."

"What words were these!

"'My good friend,' said the priest, 'you must have had some unusual experience. Why have you brought the treasure here?'

"'To fulfil the wishes of the dead. The young saint Fidele, who died a generation ago, desired that this money-jar be given to this shrine, and I come bringing it as a matter of honor. She wished it to be a Christmas gift, and she hoped to give it herself and to make a pilgrimage to do it—Saint Fidele. I have brought it for her; will you give it to the cause of the Virgin of Charity in her name? It is the Christmas offering of the soul of Fidele, made by a penitent. You know all.'

"The priest bowed his head as in meditation or prayer, and moved back, pressing his hands against his eyes. He presently stopped and lifted his white hands in the air, and holding over his head a crucifix, said:

"'A vision comes to me—I can see something that you do not see; I can see an angel between you and me, an angel with a star on her brow. Señor, I seem to speak under the influence of that bright form. Señor, *this day shall live again*. Señor, your life is about to change. Your service to the dead shall bless you forever. I shall pray for you.'

"He lifted the crucifix, and seemed gazing upon some blessed form that we could not see.

"The acolytes took up the jar and bore it into the sacristy, and the priest moved back towards the altar, which was now being illumined in the darkness that was falling.

"I was filled with wonder at all these spiritual mysteries. I had no fixed opinions then, as I have now.

"We went out into the twilight. Ralph Marlowe did not speak. He put his arm on my shoulder. He was crying. He said:

"'You cannot trust me now, but you will. The new man within me is growing. I saw something on the sea!'

"We walked along towards the public-house, and I could hear him singing, in a low voice, in which was the new man and new resolution:

'Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark!'

"Christmas week in the tropics seems like a new birth of the creation, owing to the simple faith of the people. The bells, the music, the palms, the fireworks, the children in white robes, the blessing of altars, the crowns of flowers, give a living picturesqueness to the Festival of the Nativity nowhere else to be found. All join in the joy.

"The Miracle Church at Cobre had melodious bells. We could not resist them on that Christmas week.

"We went to the church with the tide of garlanded people to look into the representation of the sacred cradle. And, owing to the gift that Ralph had made in the name of the little Saint Fidele, our coming was hailed like a visit from the Magi.

"The parish priest approached us in one of these visits, and repeated, with a change of pronouns,

"'*That* day shall live again!'

"Ralph was affected, and he said to me, on leaving the church, which was blazing with lights and made misty by odorous oils,

"'I care for myself no more; I am going to give myself to humanity; my old self is gone!'

"He had become another being. A new spirit creates life anew. His face was changing.

"He returned to England.

"What followed Ralph after these strange experiences? I asked this question daily for years, for the young wanderer had gained my affection. I had seen in him the struggle of a soul against a lower nature. Did he ever regain the moral will? Did he ever become 'his old Christmas self again'? Did *that* day live again?

"I heard from him once in a brief letter. He said that the doors of home had been opened to him; that that night's experience in the raging sea had led him to religious consecration; that there was nothing to live for in this world but the soul, and that he was preparing to enter the church as a deacon. He thanked me over and over again for what I had been to him and had sought to do for him. A consular agent meets with many experiences like these. I pitied him, loved him, and hoped for him.

"His memory would come back to me when I heard the bells of the Miracle Church of Cobre ringing, as I frequently did, for I often visited the English colony at the mines.

"Just before the war I was called back to England, some fifteen years after the finding of the money-jar, which had become a kind of Christmas legend in the place. I was in search of a man who had gone from Santiago to Southampton, and had disappeared in the English towns. I failed to find him, and I came, on the week of the Christmas holidays, to Southampton, and there waited for a ship.

"In the little sailors' chapel down by the sea, near the place where Canute is said to have rebuked his courtiers by commanding the waves on an overturning throne, an 'appointment' was made one night that there would be a union children's festival at the church at Winchester, and that the Bishop of Winchester would be assisted on that occasion by the new Bishop of Ripon, who was called the 'children's bishop,' who would sing solos with the children in the choruses. Winchester was some miles away, but I recalled that the church was the place once famous for the mortuary chests of the Saxon kings, and having some days to wait, I resolved to attend the festival.

"I entered the church. It was long, vast, and dim. Over the altar was a cloud of evergreens, and in the evergreens burned a star. I was early, and I took my place in a recess where I could look directly at the choir.

"Waiting, I took up a programme. My eye ran over it; one of the numbers read, 'Old Song—Scottish melody; chorus and solo: solo by the Bishop of Ripon.'

"My mind travelled back to the evening of that night on the coffee-mountains of the province of Santiago when Ralph Marlowe had sung Henry Kirke White's song to the Scottish melody of 'Bonnie Doon.' I looked up to the star in the evergreens, and wondered. I somehow felt the near approach of some kindred spirit—some souls are organized to receive such impressions; mine is.

"The church blazed with lights and filled with people. The great chorus of children gathered, and the organ thundered Handel's Halleluiahs, shaking the tombs of the Saxon kings, who ceased to listen long centuries ago. The Bishop of Winchester conducted the exercises, which were very simple and beautiful.

"At last the number entitled the 'Old Song' was reached. The children arose to sing, when there appeared among them in his white robes one of the most spiritual faces upon which I ever looked. But back of those luminous features was a face that I seemed to have met in some long gone experience in life.

"The organ thundered again. It had a soul that day. It was indeed the old air of 'Bonnie Doon' that was rolling under the roofs that covered the royal dead of the long dead centuries. The chorus arose, and the mighty church was flooded with the old song:

'When, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye:
Hark, hark, to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks—
It is the star of Bethlehem.'

"The congregation became silent. The church seemed breathless and waiting. The organ was playing mystic music, so sweet and low that the pipes seemed pastoral. The Bishop of Ripon was about to sing.

"Then the storm of music rose again. The voice of the bishop rolled out as on the waves of a singing sea:

'Once on the stormy seas I rode;
The winds were high, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the star of Bethlehem!'

"His eye fell upon me. I saw his countenance change. I saw his lips quiver. He turned and looked up to the star blazing in the cloud of evergreens over the cross behind the altar, then his eye again fell upon me.

"Now came a great burst of song, the bishop leading:

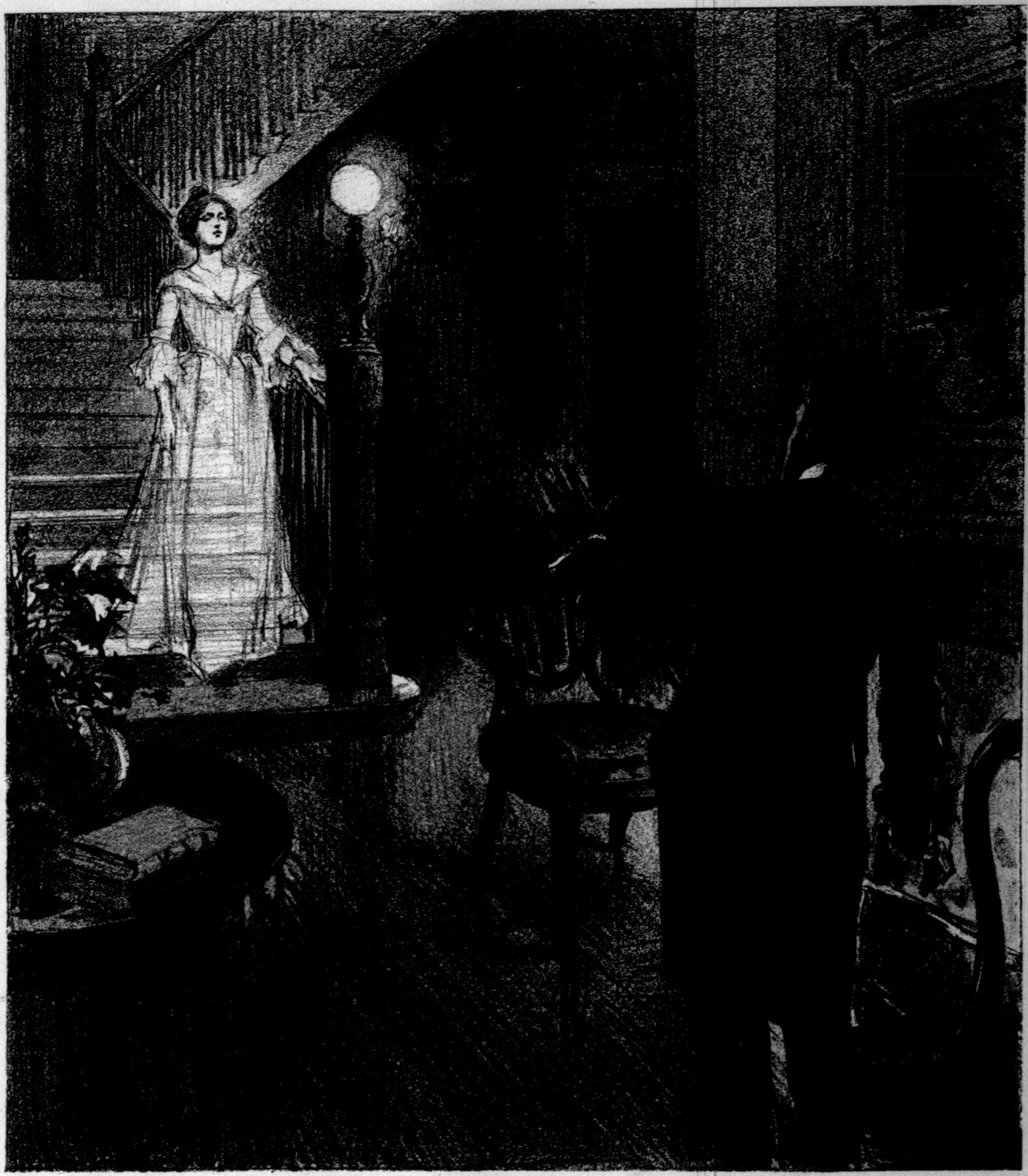
'It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark foreboding cease,
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The star, the star of Bethlehem!'

"The next number on the programme was 'An Address by the Bishop of Ripon.'

"How noble and inspired he looked as he came forward!

"He began: 'I was once tossed on the waves off Guantanamo Bay, and my soul was heavy with sin. A Star broke through the clouds and blazed out like yonder star in the clouds of evergreens. Señor Consul, sitting before me in yonder pew, *that* is what I saw that night, of which I promised to tell you. Señor Consul, you will believe me now—*that day lived again!*'

Do the dead know? Do they reward us for fulfilling their good wishes? Answer me, O Christmas night; O night sacred to all good souls! *Dios sabe!*



THE GREAT STAIRCASE AT LANDOVER HALL

A Christmas Story. By Frank R. Stockton

I WAS spending a few days in the little village of Landover, simply for the purpose of enjoying the beautiful scenery of the neighborhood. I had come up from Mexico because the weather was growing too warm in that region, and I was glad of the chance to vary my interesting and sometimes exciting travels with a little rest in the midst of this rural quiet.

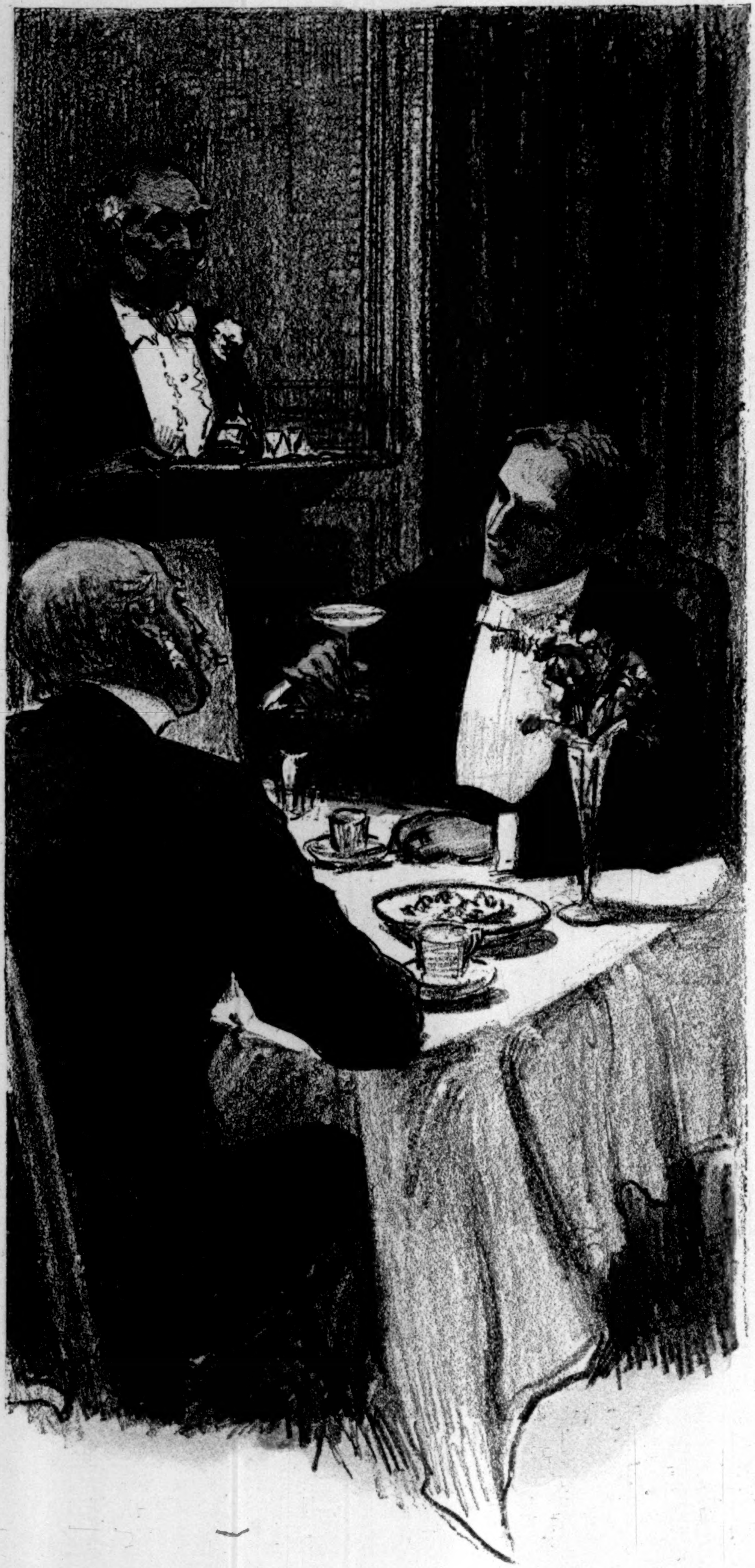
It was early summer, and I had started out for an afternoon walk, when, just upon the outskirts of the village, my attention was attracted by a little group at a gateway which opened upon the road. There were two women and an elderly man. The women appeared to be taking leave of the man, and one of them frequently put her handkerchief to her eyes. I walked slowly, because I did not wish to intrude upon what seemed to be an affecting leave-taking; so when I reached the gate the women had gone, but the man was still standing there looking after them.

Glancing over the low fence, I saw a very pretty grove, apparently not well kept; and some distance back, among the trees, a large old house. The man was looking at me with a curiosity which country people naturally betray when they see a stranger, and as I was glad to have some one to talk to, I stopped.

"Is this one of the old family mansions of Landover?" I asked. He was a good-looking man, with the air of a head gardener.

"It is not *one* of them, sir," he answered; "it is the only one in the village. It is called Landover Hall, and the other houses growed up around it."

"Who owns it?" I asked.



"That is hard to say, sir," he said, with a grim smile; "though perhaps I could tell you in the course of a couple of weeks. The family who lived there is dead and gone, and everything in it is to be sold at auction."

I became interested, and asked some questions, which the man was very willing to answer. It was an old couple who had owned it, he said. The husband had died the previous year, and the wife about ten days ago. The heirs were a brother and sister living out in Colorado, and as they had never seen the house, and cared nothing about it, or about anything that was in it, they had written that they wished everything to be sold, and the money sent to them as soon as possible.

"And that is the way it stands," said the old man. "Next week there is to be a sale of the personal property—a 'vandoo' we call it out here—and every movable thing in the house and grounds is to be sold to the highest bidder; and mighty little the things will bring, it's my opinion. Then the house will be sold, as soon as anybody can be found who wants it."

"Then there is no one living in the house at present?" said I.

"Nobody but me," he answered. "That was the cook, and her daughter the chambermaid, who just left here. There is a black man who attends to the horses and cows, but he will go when they are sold; and very soon I will go too, I suppose."

"Have you lived here long?" I asked.

"Pretty near all my life," said he.

I was greatly interested in old houses, and I asked the man if I might look at the place.

"I have not had any orders to show it," he said; "but as everything is for sale, I suppose the sooner people see the household goods the better; there's many a bit of old furniture, candlesticks, and all that sort of thing, which strangers might like to buy. Oh yes; you can come in if you like."

I shall not attempt to describe the delightful hour I spent in that old house and in the surrounding grounds. There was a great piazza in front; a wide hall stretched into the interior of the mansion, with a large fireplace on one side, and a noble staircase at the further end, a single flight of stairs running up to a platform, and then branching off on each side to the second floor. On the landing stood one of the tallest clocks I have ever seen. There were portraits on the walls, and here and there a sporting picture, interspersed with antlers and foxes' heads mounted on panels, with the date of the hunt inscribed beneath. There was an air of largeness and gravity about the furniture in the hall which was very pleasing to me, and when I entered the long drawing-room I found it so filled with books and bric-à-brac of the olden days, with many quaint furnishings, that, had I been left to myself, even the long summer afternoon would not have sufficed for their examination. Upstairs was the same air of old-fashioned comfort. The grounds—the grass rather long, and the bushes untrimmed—were shaded by some grand old trees, and beyond there were gardens and some green pasture-fields.

I did not take the walk that I had proposed to myself. When I left the old house I inquired the name of the agent who had charge of the estate, and then I went back to the village inn, where I sat communing with myself for the rest of the afternoon and all the evening.

I was not yet thirty, I had a good fortune, and I had travelled until I was tired of moving about the world. Often I had had visions of a home, but they had been very vague and fanciful ones. Now, for the first time in my life, I had seen a home for which I really might care; a house to which I might bring only my wearing apparel, and then sit down surrounded by everything I needed, not even excepting books.

Immediately after breakfast I repaired to the office of Mr. Marchmay, the lawyer who had charge of the property. I staid there a long time. Mr. Marchmay took dinner with me at the inn, and in the evening we sent a telegram to Colorado. I made a proposition to buy everything for cash, and the price agreed upon between me and Mr. Marchmay was considerably higher than could have been expected had the property been sold at auction. It is needless to say that my offer was quickly accepted, and in less than a week from the day I had first seen the old house I became its owner. The cook and the house-maid who had retired in tears from its gateway were sent for, and reinstalled in their offices; the black man who had charge of the horses and cows continued to take care of them, and old Robert Flake was retained in the position of head gardener and general care-taker, which he had held for so many years.

That summer was a season of delight to me, and even when autumn arrived, and there was a fire in the great hall, I could not say that I had fully explored and examined my home and its contents. I had had a few bachelor friends to visit me, but for the greater part of the time I had lived alone. I liked company, and expected to have people about me, but so long as the novelty of my new possessions and my new position continued I was company enough for myself.

At last the holiday season came around, and I was still alone. I had invited a family of old friends to come and make the house lively and joyous, but they had been prevented from doing so. I afterward thought of asking some of my neighbors to eat their Christmas dinner in the old house, but I found that they all had ties and obligations of their own, with which I should not seek to interfere. And thus it happened that late on Christmas eve I sat by myself before a blazing fire in the hall quietly smoking my pipe. The servants were all in bed, and the house was as quiet as if it contained no living being.

For the first time since I lived in that house I began to feel lonely, and I could not help smiling when I thought that there was no need of my feeling lonely if I wished it otherwise. For several years I had known that there were mothers in this country, and even in other countries, who had the welfare of their daughters at heart, and who had not failed to let me know the fact; I had also known that there were young women without mothers who had their own welfare at heart, and to whom a young man of fortune was an object of interest, but there was nothing in these recollections which interested me in these lonely moments.

The great clock on the landing-place began to strike, and I counted stroke after stroke; and when there were twelve I turned to see whether I had made a mistake, and if it were now really Christmas day. But before my eyes had reached the face of the clock I saw that I was mistaken in supposing myself alone. At the top of the broad flight of stairs there stood a lady.

I pushed back my chair and started to my feet. I know my mouth was open and my eyes staring. I could not speak; I doubt if I breathed.

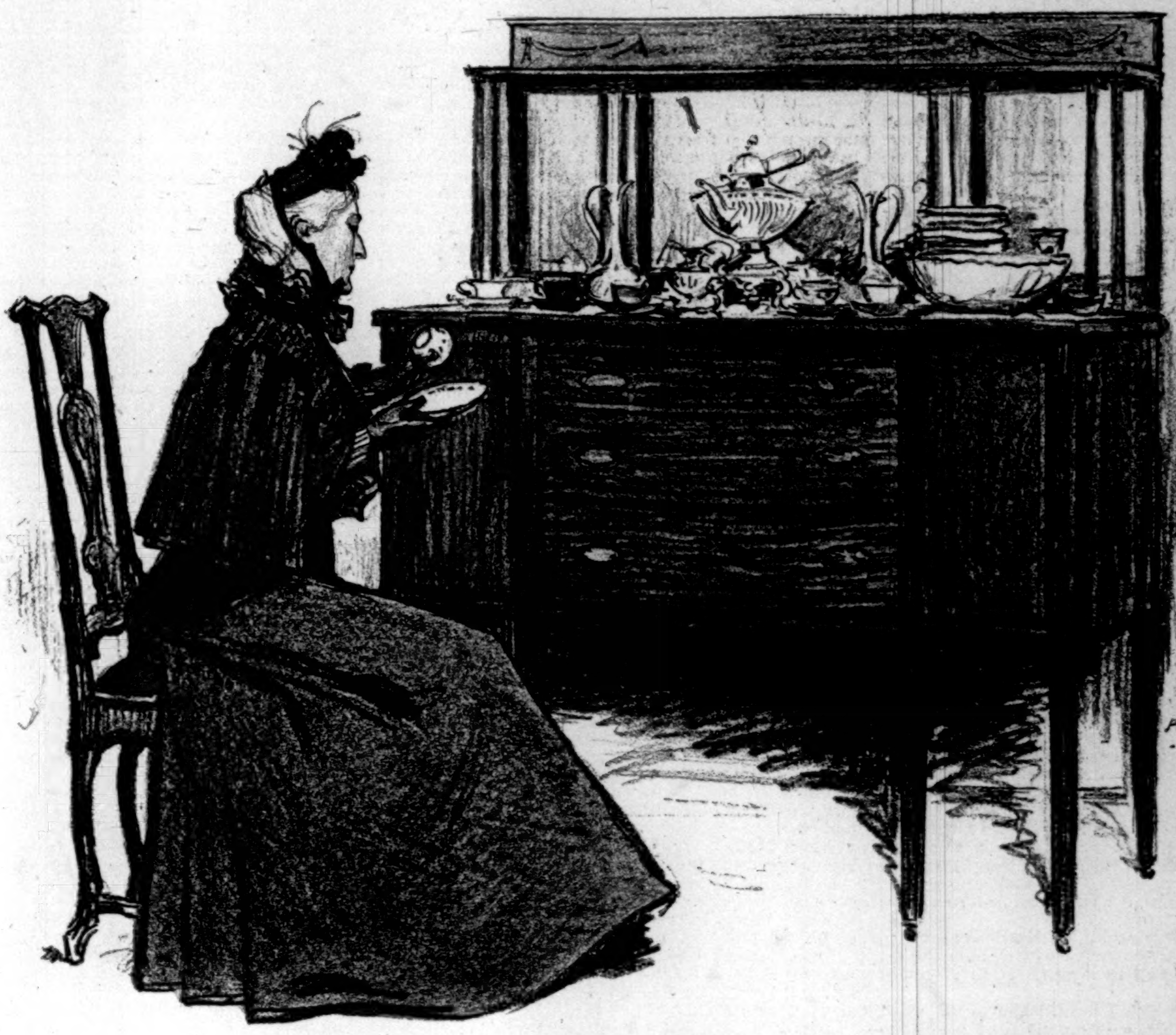
Slowly the lady descended the stairs. There were two tall lamps on the newel-posts, so that I could see her distinctly. She was young, and she moved with the grace of perfect health. Her gown was of an olden fashion, and her hair was dressed in the style of our ancestors. Her attire was simple and elegant, but it was evident that she was dressed for a festive occasion.

Down she came, step by step, and I stood gazing, not only with my eyes, but, I may say, with my whole heart. I had never seen such grace; I had never seen such beauty.

She reached the floor, and advanced a few steps toward me; then she stopped. She fixed her large eyes upon me for a moment, and then turned them away. She gazed at the fire, the walls, the ceiling, and the floor. There came upon her lovely features an almost imperceptible smile, as though it gave her pleasure thus to stand and look about her.

As for me, I was simply entranced. Vision or no vision, spirit from another world or simply a mist of fancy, it mattered not.

She approached a few steps nearer, and fixed her eyes



upon mine. I trembled as I stood. Involuntarily the wish of my heart came to my lips. "If—" I exclaimed.

"If what?" she asked, quickly.

I was startled by the voice. It was rich, it was sweet, but there was something in its intonation which suggested the olden time. I cannot explain it. It was like the perfume from an ancient wardrobe opened a hundred years after a great-grandmother had closed and locked it, when even the scent of rose and lavender was only the spirit of something gone.

"Oh, but if you were real!" I said.

She smiled, but made no reply. Slowly she passed around the great hall, coming so near me at one time that I could almost have touched her. She looked up at the portraits, stopping before some old candlesticks upon a bracket, apparently examining everything with as much pleasure as I had looked upon them when first they became mine.

When she had made the circuit of the hall, she stood as if reflecting. Fearful that she might disappear, and knowing that a spirit must be addressed if one would hear it speak, I stepped toward her. I had intended to ask her if she were, or rather ever had been, the lady of this house, why she came, and if she bore a message, but in my excitement and infatuation I forgot my purpose; I simply repeated my former words—"Oh, if you were but real!"

"Why do you say that?" she asked, with a little gentle petulance. "I am not real, as you must know. Shall I tell you who I was, and why I am here?"

I implored her to do so. She drew a little nearer the fire. "It is so bright and cheerful," she said. "It is many, many years since I have seen a fire in this hall. The old people who lived in this house so long never built a fire here—at least on Christmas eve."

I felt inclined to draw up a chair and ask her to sit down, but why need a ghost sit? I was afraid of making some mistake. I stood as near her as I dared, eagerly ready to listen.

"I was mistress of this house," she said. "That was a long, long time ago. You can see my portrait hanging there."

I bowed. I could not say that it was her portrait. An hour before, I had looked upon it as a fine picture; now it seemed to be the travesty of a woman beyond the reach of pigments and canvas.

"I died," she continued, "when I was but twenty-five, and but four years married. I had a little girl three years old, and the very day before I left this world I led her around this hall and tried to make her understand the pictures. That is her portrait on this other wall."

I turned, and following the direction of her graceful hand, my eyes fell upon the picture of an elderly lady with silvered hair and benignant countenance.

"Your daughter?" I gasped.

"Yes," she answered; "she lived many years after my death. Over there, nearer the door, you may see the picture of her daughter—the plump young girl with the plumed hat."

Now, to my great surprise, she asked me to take a seat. "It seems ungracious," she remarked, "that in my own house I should be so inhospitable as to keep you standing. And yet it is not my house; it is yours."

Obedient to her command, for such I felt it to be, I resumed my seat, and to my delight, she took a chair not far from me. Seated, she seemed more graceful and lovely than when she stood. Her shapely hands lay in her lap; soft lace fell over them, like tender mist upon a cloud. As she looked at me her eyes were raised.

"Does it distress you that this house should now be mine?" I asked.

"Oh, no, no," she answered, with animation; "I am very glad of it. The elderly couple who lived here before you were not to my liking. Once a year, on Christmas eve, I am privileged to spend one hour in this house, and although I have never failed to be here at the appointed time, it has been years, as I told you, since I saw a fire on that hearth and a living being in this hall. I knew you were here, and I am very glad of it. It pleases me greatly that one is living here who prizes this old place as I once prized it. This mansion was built for me by my husband upon the site of a smaller house, which he removed. The grounds about it, which I thought so lovely, are far more lovely now. For four years I lived here in perfect happiness, and now one hour each year something of that happiness is renewed."

Ordinarily I have good control of my actions and of my emotions, but at this moment I seemed to have lost all power over myself; my thoughts ran wild. To my amazement, I became conscious that I was falling in love—in love with something which did not exist; in love with a woman who once had been. It was absurd; it was ridiculous; but there was no power within me which could prevent it?

After all, this rapidly growing passion was not altogether absurd. She was an ideal which far surpassed any ideal I had ever formed for the mistress of my home. More than that, she had really been the mistress of this house, which was now my home. Here was a vision of the past fully revealed to my eyes. As the sweet voice fell upon my ears, how could I help looking upon it as something real, listening to it as something real, and loving it.

I think she perceived my agitation; she looked upon me wonderingly.

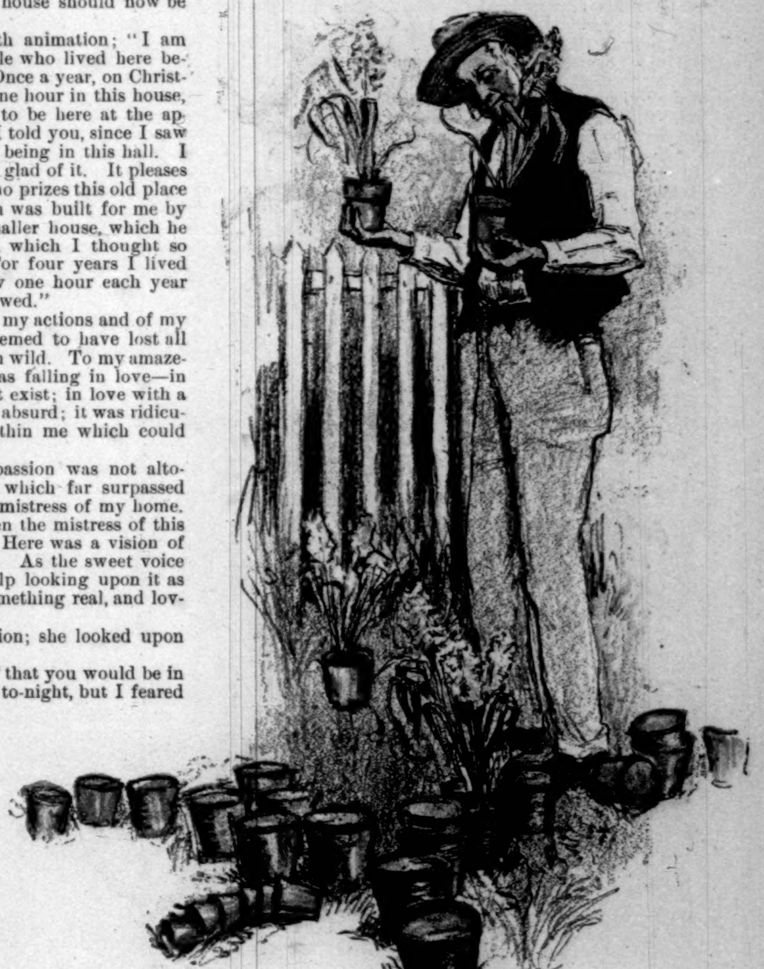
"I hoped very much," she said, "that you would be in this hall when I should come down to-night, but I feared that I should disturb you, that perhaps I might startle or—"

I could not restrain myself. I rushed toward her and interrupted her with passionate earnestness.

"Startle or trouble me!" I exclaimed. "Oh, gracious lady, you have done but one thing to me to-night—you have made me love you! Pardon me; I cannot help it. Do not speak of impossibilities, of passionate ravings, of unmeaning words. Lady, I love you; I may not love you as you are, but I love you as you were. No happiness on earth could equal that of seeing you real—the mistress of this house, and myself the master."

She rose, drew back a little, and stood looking at me. If she had been true flesh and blood she could not have acted more naturally.

For some moments there was silence, and then a ter-



rible thought came into my head. Had I a right to speak to her thus, even if she were but the vision of something that had been? She had told me of her husband; she had spoken of her daughter; but she had said no word which would give me reason to believe that little girl was fatherless when her mother led her around the hall and explained to her the family portraits. Had I been addressing my wild words of passion to one whose beauty and grace, when they were real and true, belonged to another? Had I spoken as I should not have spoken even to the vision of a well-loved wife? I trembled with apprehension.

"Pardon me," I said, "if I have been imprudent. Remember that I know so little about you, even as you were."

When she answered there was nothing of anger in her tone, but she spoke softly, and with, I thought, a shade of pity.

"You have said nothing to offend me, but every word you have spoken has been so wild and so far removed from sense and reason that I am unable to comprehend your feelings."

"They are easy to understand!" I exclaimed. "I have seen my ideal of the woman I could love. I love you; that is all! Again I say it, and I say it with all my heart: Would you were real! Would you were real!"

She smiled. I am sure now she understood my passion. I am sure she expected it. I am sure that she pitied me.

Suddenly a change of expression came over her face; a beaming interest shone from her eyes; she took some steps toward me.

"I told you," said she, speaking quickly, "that what you have said seems to be without sense or reason, and yet it may mean something. I assure you that your words have been appreciated. I know that each one of them is true and comes from your heart. And now listen to me while I tell you—" At that moment the infernal clock upon the landing-place struck one. It was like the crash of doom. I stood alone in the great hall.

The domestics in that old house supposed that I spent Christmas day alone; but they were mistaken, for wherever I went my fancy pictured near me the beautiful vision of the night before. She walked with me in the crisp morning air; I led her through the quiet old rooms, and together we went up the great staircase and stood before the clock—the clock that I had blessed for striking twelve and cursed for striking one. At dinner she sat opposite me in a great chair which I had had placed there —"for the sake of symmetry," as I told my servants. After what had happened, it was impossible for me to be alone.

The day after Christmas old Mr. Marchmay came to call upon me. He was so sorry that I had been obliged to spend Christmas day all by myself. I fairly laughed as I listened to him.

There were things which I wanted him to tell me if he could, and I plied him with questions. I pointed to the portrait of the lady near the chimney-piece, and asked him who she was.

"That is Mrs. Evelyn Heatherton, first mistress of this house; I have heard a good deal about her. She was very unfortunate. She lost her life here in this hall on Christmas eve. She was young and beautiful, and must have looked a good deal like that picture."

I forgot myself. "I don't believe it," I said. "It does not seem to me that that portrait could have been a good likeness of the real woman."

"You may know more about art than I do, sir," said he. "It has always been considered a fine picture; but of course she lived before my time. As I was saying, she died here in this hall. She was coming down stairs on Christmas eve; there were a lot of people here in the hall waiting to meet her. She stepped on something on one of the top steps—a child's toy, perhaps—and lost her footing. She fell to the bottom and was instantly killed—killed in the midst of youth, health, and beauty."

"And her husband," I remarked, "was he—"

"Oh, he was dead!" interrupted Mr. Marchmay. "He died when his daughter was but a mere baby. By-the-way," said the old gentleman, "it seems rather funny that the painting over there—that old lady with the gray hair—is the portrait of that child. It is the only one there is, I suppose."

I did not attend to these last words. My face must have glowed with delight as I thought that I had not spoken to her as I should not. If I had known her to be real, I might have said everything which I had said to the vision of what she had been.

The old man went on talking about the family. That sort of thing interested him very much, and he said that, as I owned the house, I ought to know everything about the people who formerly lived there. The Heathertons had not been fortunate. They had lost a great deal of money, and, some thirty years before, the estate had passed out of their hands and had been bought by a Mr. Kennard, a distant connection of the family, who, with his wife, had lived there until very recently. It was to a nephew and niece of old Mr. Kennard that the property had descended. The Heathertons had nothing more to do with it.

"Are there any members of the family left?" I asked.

"Oh yes!" said Mr. Marchmay. "Do you see that portrait of a girl with a feather in her hat? She is a granddaughter of that Evelyn Heatherton up there. She is an old woman now and a widow, and she it was who sold the place to the Kennards. When the mortgages were paid she did not have much left, but she manages to live on it. But I tell you what you ought to do, sir: you ought to go and see her. She can tell you lots of stories of this place, for she knows more about the Heathertons than any one living. She married a distant cousin who had the family name; but he was a poor sort of a fellow, and he died some fifteen years ago. She has talked to me about your having the old house, and she said that she hoped that you would not make changes and tear down things. But of course she would not say anything like that to you; she is a lady who attends to her own business."

"Where does she live?" I asked. "I should like, above all things, to go and talk to her."

"It is the third house beyond the church," said Mr. Marchmay. "I am sure that she will be glad to see you. If you can make up your mind to listen to long stories about the Heathertons you will give her pleasure."

The next day I made the call. The house was neat, but small and unpretentious—a great drop from the fine hall which I now possessed.

The servant informed me that Mrs. Heatherton was at home, and I was shown into the little parlor—light, warm, and pleasantly furnished. In a few minutes the door opened, and I arose, but no old lady entered.

Struck dumb by breathless amazement, I beheld Evelyn Heatherton coming into the room!

I could not understand; my thoughts ran wild. Had some one been masquerading? Had I dreamed on Christmas eve, or was I dreaming now? Had my passionate desire been granted? Had that vision become real?

I was instantly convinced that what I saw before me was true and real, for the lady advanced toward me and held out her hand. I took it, and it was the hand of an actual woman.

Her mother, she said, begged that I would excuse her; that she was not well and was lying down. Mr. Marchmay had told them that I was coming, and that I wanted to know something about the old house; perhaps she might be able to give me a little information.

Almost speechless, I sat down, and she took a chair not far from me. Her position was exactly that which had been taken by the vision of her great-grandmother on Christmas eve. Her hands were crossed in her lap, and her large blue eyes were slightly upraised to mine. She was not dressed in a robe of olden days, nor was her hair piled up high on her head in bygone fashion, but she was Evelyn Heatherton in form and feature and in quiet grace. She was some years younger, and she lacked the dignity of a woman who had been married, but she was no stranger to me; I had seen her before.

Encouraged by my rapt attention, she told me stories of the old house where her mother had been born, and all that she knew of her great-grandmother she related with an interest that was almost akin to mine. "People tell me," she said, "that I am growing to look like her, and I am glad of it, for my mother gave me her name."

I sat and listened to the voice of this beautiful girl as I had listened to the words which had been spoken to me by the vision of her ancestress. If I had not known that she was real, and that there was no reason why she should vanish when the clock should strike, I might have spoken as I spoke to her great-grandmother. I remained entranced, enraptured, and it was only when the room began to grow dark that I was reminded that it was incumbent upon me to go.

But I came again, again, and again, and after a time it so happened that I was in that cottage at least once every day. The old lady was very gracious; it was plain enough that her soul was greatly gratified to know that the present owner of her old home—the house in which she had been born—was one who delighted to hear the family stories, and who respected all their traditions.

I need not tell the story of Evelyn and myself. My heart had been filled with a vision of her personality before I had seen her. At the first moment of our meeting my love for her sprung into existence as the flame bursts from a match. And she could not help but love me. Few women, certainly not Evelyn Heatherton, could resist the passionate affection which I offered her. She did not tell me this in words, but it was not long before I came to believe it.

It was one afternoon in spring that old Mrs. Heatherton and her daughter came to visit me in my house—the home of their ancestors. As I walked with them through the halls and rooms I felt as if they were the ladies of the manor, and that I was the recipient of their kind hospitality.

Mrs. Heatherton was in the dining-room, earnestly examining some of the ancestral china and glass, and Evelyn and I stood together in the hall, almost under the portrait which hung near the chimney-piece. She had been talking of the love and reverence she felt for this old house. "Evelyn," said I, "if you love this house and all that is in it, will you not take them and have them for your own? And will you not take me and love me and have me for your own?"

I had my answer before the old lady came out of the dining-room. She was reading the inscription on an old silver loving-cup when we went in to her and told her that again Evelyn Heatherton was to be the mistress of the old mansion.

We were married in the early winter, and after a journey in the South we came back to the old house, for I had a great desire that we should spend the holidays under its roof.

It was Christmas eve, and we stood together in the great hall, with a fire burning upon the hearth as it had glowed and crackled a year before. It was some minutes before twelve, and, purposely, I threw my arm around my dear wife and turned her so that she stood with her back to the great staircase. I had never told her of the vision I had seen; I feared to do so; I did not know what effect it might have upon her. I cared for her so earnestly and tenderly that I would risk nothing, but I felt that I must stand with her in that hall on that Christmas eve, and I believed that I could do so without fear or self-reproach.

The clock struck twelve. "Look up at your great-grandmother, Evelyn," I said; "it is fit that you should do so at this time." In obedience to my wishes her eyes were fixed upon the old portrait, and, at the same time, looking over her shoulder, my eyes fell upon the vision of the first Evelyn Heatherton descending the stairs. Upon her features was a gentle smile of welcome and of pleasure. So she must have looked when she went out of this world in health and strength and womanly bloom.

The vision reached the bottom of the stairs and came toward us. I stood expectant, my eyes fixed upon her noble countenance.

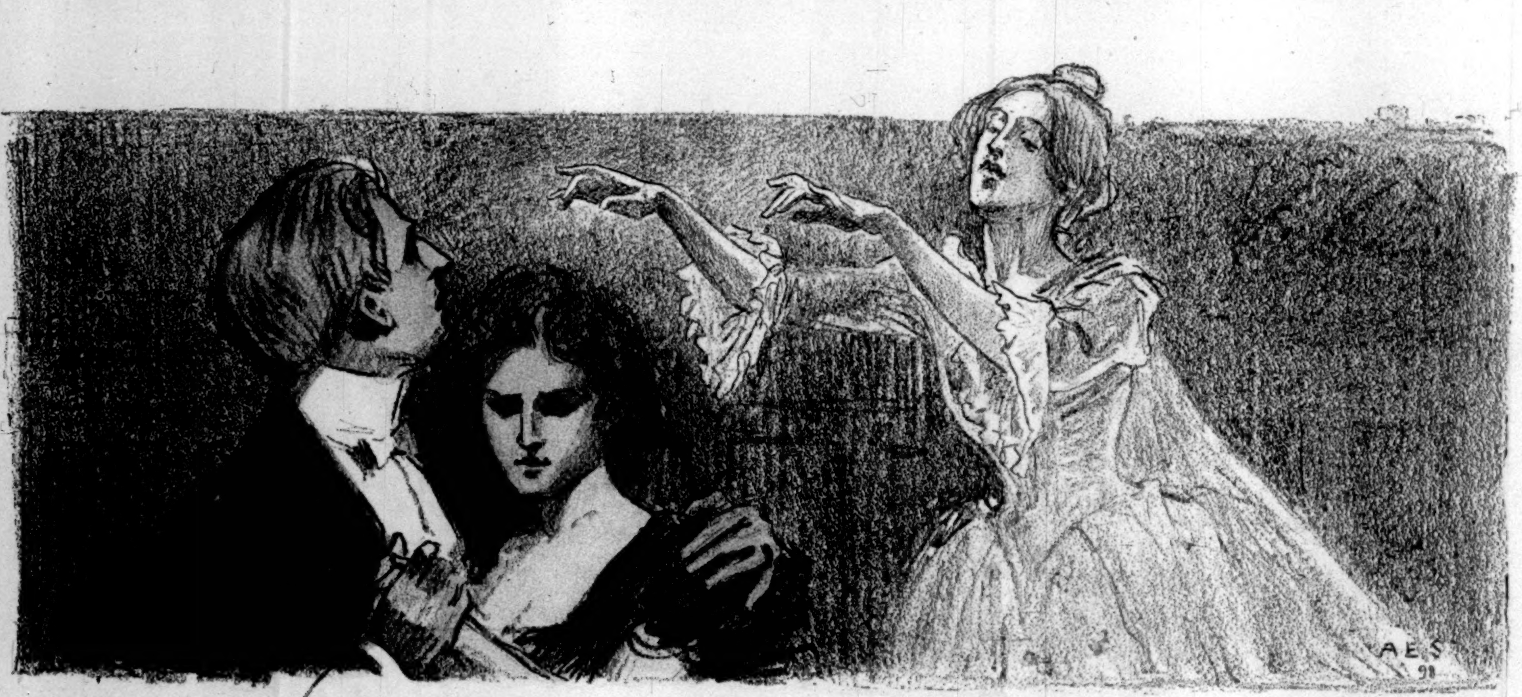
"It seems to me," said my Evelyn, "as if my great-grandmother really looked down upon us. As if it made her happy to think that—"

"Is this what you meant?" said I, speaking to the lovely vision, now so near us.

"Yes," was the answer; "it is what I meant, and I am rejoiced. I bless you and I love you both," and as she spoke two fair and shadowy hands were extended over our heads. No one can hear the voice of a spirit except those to whom it speaks, and my wife thought that my words had been addressed to her.

"Yes," said my Evelyn; "I mean that we should be standing here in her old home, and that your arm should be around me."

I looked again. There was no one in the hall except my Evelyn and myself.



HARPER'S WEEKLY
THE NATION'S WEEKLY

The announcements contained upon this page will give you but a brief idea of some of the features to appear in HARPER'S WEEKLY during 1899, aside from matters of contemporary interest appearing from week to week.

THE BEST PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE YEAR

HARPER'S WEEKLY needs no introduction to the readers of the United States. Week by week, for more than forty years, it has given to its readers, by means of illustrations and text, a clear statement of the matters of importance which interest intelligent people in every part of the country. During 1899 this careful, energetic work will be continued, and he who reads HARPER'S WEEKLY from number to number will have the most impartial, the best prepared, and the most thoughtful pictorial history of the events of the year.

A BIT OF HAVANA, CUBA.

Politics

The periodical stands, as it always has, for purity in politics. It is independent of parties, but is devoted to causes, chief among which is the cause of good government, national, State, and local. Its editorial pages seek to state and advance the truth and to deal justly with all. It is its purpose to seek for examples of virtue and ability among our public men.

Art

Such distinguished artists as W. T. Smedley, T. de Thulstrup, Frederic Remington, Clifford Carleton, Carlton T. Chapman, Howard Pyle, Rufus F. Zogbaum, A. B. Frost, T. Dart Walker, Edwin Lord Weeks, W. A. Rogers, and many others, will contribute from week to week drawings which are executed with the utmost care.

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS

Cuba
By PHIL ROBINSON

Its enormous resources and its close proximity to the United States render a series of articles on Cuba of great importance. Mr. Robinson's articles will be copiously illustrated.

The Philippines
By FRANK D. MILLET

This well-known correspondent has prepared an extraordinary series of articles descriptive of life in Manila and the Philippines, and suggestive of the problems awaiting the United States Government.

Hawaii
By CASPAR WHITNEY

Mr. Whitney has made a special journey to Honolulu and the Hawaiian Islands to prepare a series of descriptive articles on the country's life and prospects. These articles will be illustrated.

Puerto Rico
By WILLIAM DINWIDDIE

Mr. Dinwiddie, in a series of articles, illustrated by photographs taken by himself, will lay before the American public the great possibilities of this fertile island in the West Indies.

Serial Stories

Three remarkably strong and extraordinarily interesting serial stories will appear during 1899, each from the pen of a distinguished man of letters.

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES
By H. G. WELLS

WITH SWORD AND CRUCIFIX
By E. S. VAN ZILE

THE CONSPIRATORS
By R. W. CHAMBERS

These stories will be illustrated. In addition to the serials there will appear, whenever space permits, short fiction of unsurpassable interest.

SANTIAGO NUMBER—ARMY AND NAVY—28 PAGES.
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Short Stories

AMONGST THIEVES
By W. E. NORRIS

STORIES OF WESTERN FARM LIFE
By H. S. WILLIAMS

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE
By E. F. BENSON

A SMALL WORLD
By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN

THIS MORTAL COIL
By MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE

THE DEMON OF N'GARAHOE
By OWEN HALL

Alaska and the Klondike

During 1899 a series of articles on Alaska, Cook's Inlet, and the Copper River, by Edward J. Spurr, will be published, describing the country itself, and the promise for the future which the mines lately developed give.

Industrial Advancement

of our country will be recorded by illustrated articles, written by Franklin Matthews and others who have made a study of the developments—political, social, and industrial—taking place within our borders.

The London Letter
By ARNOLD WHITE

will follow and explain the thought and trend of the British people today, more interesting to us than ever in view of our new expansion policy.

This Busy World
By E. S. MARTIN

a department of sprightly paragraphs of timely interest, will be continued, retaining all the characteristics that have made it so popular.

ATHLETICS ❧ MUSIC ❧ DRAMA

Caspar Whitney, the well-known critic on athletic subjects, will edit the Amateur Sport Department as heretofore, and the departments on Music and Drama will be treated as their seasons demand by E. Irenæus Stevenson and John Corbin, men eminently fitted for the task.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

Announcements for 1899

Arrangements have been made as heretofore with the most eminent authors and illustrators of the day for contributions to HARPER'S MAGAZINE during 1899, which will make this periodical of extraordinary value and interest to every one. One of the leading features will be

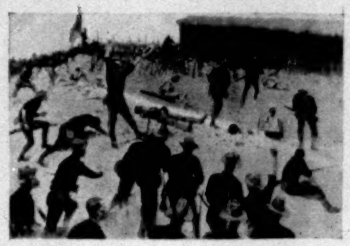
A HISTORY OF THE SPANISH WAR

By HON. HENRY CABOT LODGE

United States Senator and Member of the Committee on Foreign Relations

THE "MAINE" ENTERING HAVANA HARBOR
From "The Spanish-American War."

Beginning with the February number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and extending through more than half a year, Senator Lodge will write a comprehensive history of the Spanish war, including both the political and diplomatic aspects of the theme, and a succinct narrative of military and naval operations. Senator Lodge is eminently fitted to write the best contemporary history of this war, not alone because of his ability as a writer of American history, but because of the extraordinary positions he has held as Senator of the United States and member of the Committee on Foreign Relations during the time which led up to the immediate causes of the war, and during the progress of the war itself.



THE STORMING OF SAN JUAN HILL

SERIAL STORIES

will be a strong feature of the MAGAZINE during 1899. Three famous authors have contributed their latest works for the benefit of its readers.

Their Silver-Wedding Journey

By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

will afford pleasure and enjoyment to the reader. It is a story of Europe revisited after twenty-five years, and the plot is enlivened by a love theme.

THE PRINCESS XENIA
By H. B. Marriott Watson

A SPANISH WAR STORY
By John Fox, Jr.

SHORT STORIES

A SERIES OF SHORT STORIES
By W. W. Jacobs

THE LOVE OF PARSON LORD
By Mary E. Wilkins

UNDER AN APRIL SKY
By Brander Matthews

THE RENTED HOUSE
By Octave Thanet

Many other stories will be published, fully illustrated, and written by authors whose names have long been established as leading writers of fiction, such as

GHOSTS IN JERUSALEM
By "Nym Crinkle"

THE WRATH OF ZUYDER ZEE
By Thomas A. Janvier

WAR ARTICLES

NAVAL LESSONS OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR
By H. W. Wilson

Mr. Wilson, who is the author of "Ironclads in Action," speaks from the point of view of an English naval expert.

THE UNITED STATES AS A WORLD POWER
A Chapter of Experience
By Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart

THE NAVAL CAMPAIGN OF 1898 IN THE WEST INDIES
By Lieut. S. A. Staunton, U.S.N.

With illustrations by Carlton T. Chapman. Lieutenant Staunton served through the war on the flag-ship *New York* as assistant chief of staff of Admiral Sampson.

From "Their Siver-Wedding Journey"

SPECIAL ARTICLES

BROTHER JONATHAN'S COLONIES
By Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart

Professor Hart has prepared a statement of the conditions affecting our past experience in colonization of newly acquired territory.

OUR NEW PACIFIC PROSPECT
A Series of Articles by Charles F. Lummis

The author has made long and careful study of this subject.

THE REPUBLICS OF SOUTH AMERICA
By Julian Ralph

This is a series of articles bearing directly upon the future of our Pacific coast commerce.

WHITE MAN'S ASIA
By Poultney Bigelow

is the theme of a series of articles on Japanese, Russian, English, and German tenure in Asia.

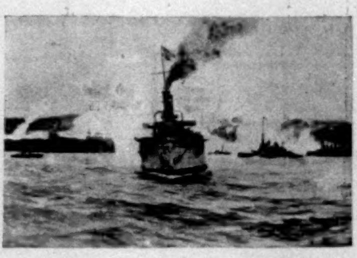
THE CENTURY'S PROGRESS IN SCIENCE

By HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D.

is a valuable series of scientific and readable articles on Biology, Psychology, Sociology, and their allied subjects. Other important articles will appear on:

A NUBIAN CHIEF IN BATTLE
From "A Glimpse of Nubia, Miscalled the Soudan."

The First American: His Homes and Households. *By the late Miss Leila Herbert*
Phases of American Industrial and Political Life. *By L. G. Powers*
A Glimpse of Nubia, Miscalled the Soudan. *By Capt. T. C. S. Speedy*
American City Homes. *By Russell Sturgis*



THE BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN
From "The Naval Campaign of 1898 in the West Indies"

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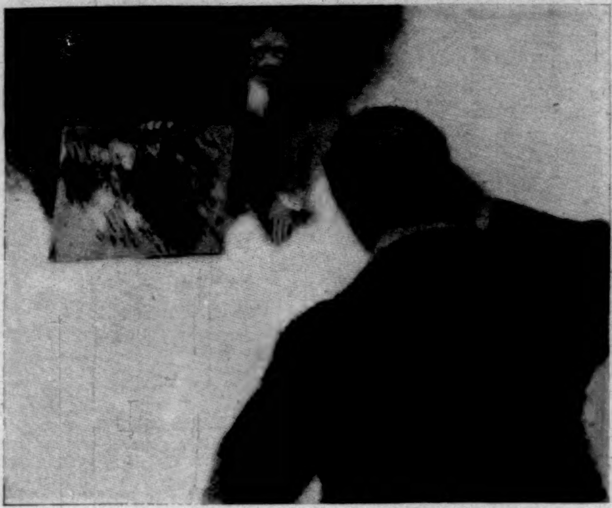
THE AMALGAMATED BROTHERHOOD OF SPOOKS.

A Letter to the Editor.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS—ILLUSTRATED BY G. VERBEEK.


"I THOUGHT A MILE WAS THE PROPER DISTANCE."

IT is with very deep regret that I find myself unable to keep the promise made to you last Spring to provide you with a suitable ghost story for your Christmas number. I have made several efforts to prepare such a tale as it seemed to me you would require, but, one and all, these have proved unavailing. By a singular and annoying combination of circumstances in which only my unfortunate habit of meeting trouble in a spirit of badinage has involved me, I cannot secure the models which I invariably need for the realistic presentation of my stories, and I decline at this present, as I have hitherto consistently declined, to draw upon my imagination for the ingredients necessary, even though tempted by the exigencies of a contract sealed, signed, and delivered. It is far from my wish to be known to you as one who makes promises only to break them, but there are times in a man's life when he must consider seriously which is the lesser evil, to deceive the individual or to deceive the world, the latter being a mass of individuals, and, consequently, as much more worthy of respect as the whole is greater than a part. Could I bring myself to be false to my principles as a scribe, and draw upon my fancy for my facts, and, through a prostitution of my art, so sickly o'er my plot with the pale cast of realism as to hoodwink my readers into believing what I know to be false, the task were easy. Given a more or less active and unrestrained imagination, pen, ink, paper, and the will to do so, to construct out of these a ghost story which might have been, but as a matter of fact was not, presents no difficulties whatsoever; but I unfortunately have a conscience which, awkward as it is to me at times, I intend to keep clear and unspotted. The consciousness of having lied would forever rest as a blot upon my escutcheon. I cannot manufacture out of whole cloth a narrative such as you desire and be true to myself, and this I intend to be, even if by so doing I must seem false to you. I think, however, that, as one of my friends and most important consumer, you are entitled to a complete explanation of my failure to do as I have told you I would. To most others I should send merely a curt note evidencing, not pleading, a pressure of other work as the cause of my not coming to time. To you it is owed that I should enter somewhat into the details of the unfortunate business.

You doubtless remember that last summer, with our mutual friend Peters, I travelled abroad seeking health and, incidentally, ideas. I had discovered that imported ideas were on the whole rather more popular in America than those which might be said to be indigenous to the soil. The reading public had, for the time being at least, given itself over to moats, and châteaux, and bloodshed, and the curious dialects of the lower orders of British society. Sherlock Holmes had superseded Old Sleuth in the affections of my countrymen who read books. Even those honest little critics the boys and girls were finding more to delight them in the doings of Richard Cœur de Lion and Alice in Wonderland than in the more remarkable and intensely American adventures of Ragged Dick or Mickie the Motor-boy. John Storm was at that moment hanging over the world like the sword of Damocles, and Rudolf Rassendyll had completely overshadowed such essentially American heroes as Uncle Tom and Rollo. I found, to my chagrin, that the poetry of Tennyson was more widely read even than my own, even though Tennyson was dead and I was not. And in the universities whole terms were devoted to the compulsory study of dramatists like Shakspere and Molière, while home talent, as represented by Mr. Hoyt or the facile productions of Messrs. Weber & Fields, were relegated to the limbo of electives which the students might take up or not, as they chose, and then only in the hours which they were expected to devote to recreation. All of which seemed to indicate that while there was of course no royal road to literary fame, there was with equal certainty no republican path thereto, and that real inspiration was to be derived rather under the effete monarchies of Europe than at home. To Peters the same idea had occurred, but in his case in relation to art rather than to literature. The patrons of art in America had a marked preference for the works of Meissonier, Corot, Gérôme, Millet—anybody, so long as he was a foreigner, Peters said. The wealthy would pay ten, twenty, a hundred thousand dollars for a Rousseau or a Rosa Bonheur rather than exchange a paltry one hundred dollars for a canvas by Peters, though, as far as Peters was concerned, his canvas was just as well woven, his pigments as carefully mixed, and his application of the one to the other as technically correct as was anything from the foreign brushes.

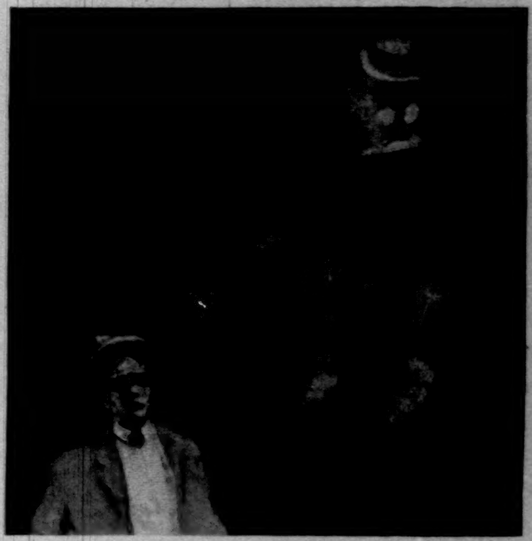
"You can't take in the full import of a Turner unless you stand a way away from it," said he, "and if you'll only stand far enough away from mine you couldn't tell it from a Meissonier."

And when I jocularly responded to this that I thought a mile was the proper distance, he was offended. We quarrelled, but made up after a while, and in the making up decided upon a little venture into foreign fields together, not only to recuperate, but to see if so be we could discover just where the workers on the other side got that quality which placed them in popular esteem so far ahead of ourselves.

What we discovered along this especial line must form the burden of another story. The main cause of our foreign trip, these discoveries, are but incidental to the theme I have in hand. Our conclusions were important, but they have no place here, and what they were you will have to wait until my work on *Abroad versus Home* is completed to learn. But what is important to this explanation is the fact that while going through the long passage leading from the Pitti Palace to the Uffizi Gallery at Florence we—or rather I—encountered one of those phantoms which have been among the chief joys and troubles of my life. Peters was too much taken up with his Baedeker to see either ghosts or pictures. Indeed, it used to irritate me that Peters saw so little, but he would do as most American tourists do, and spend all his time looking for some especial thing he thought he ought to see, and generally missing not only it, but thousands of minor things quite as well worthy of his attention. I don't believe he would have seen the ghost, however, under any circumstances. It requires a specially cultivated eye or digestion, one or the other, to enable one to see ghosts, and Peters's eye is blind to the invisible and his digestion is good.

Why, under the canopy, the vulgar little spectre was haunting a picture-gallery I never knew, unless it was to embarrass the Americans who passed to and fro, for he claimed to be an American. I knew he was not a living thing the minute I laid eyes through him. He loomed up before me while I was engaged in chuckling over a particularly bad canvas by somebody whose name I have forgotten, but which was something like Beppo di Contarini. It represented the scene of a grand fête at Venice back in the fifteenth century, and while preserved by the art-lovers of Florence as something worthy, would, I firmly believe, have failed of acceptance even by the catholic taste of the editor of an American Sunday newspaper comic supplement. The thing was crude in its drawing, impossible in its coloring, and absolutely devoid of action. Every gondola on the canal looked as if it were stuck in the mud, and as for the water of the Grand Canal itself, it had all the liquid glory under this artist's touch of calf's-foot jelly, and it amused me intensely to think that these patrons of art, in the most artistic city in the world, should have deemed it worth keeping. However, whatever the merit of the painting, I was annoyed in the midst of my contemplation of it to have thrust in the line of vision a shape—I cannot call it a body, because there was no body to it. There were the lineaments of a living person, and a very vulgar living person at that, but the thing was translucent, and as it stepped in between me and the wonderful specimen of Beppo di Somethingorother's art, I felt as if a sudden haze had swept over my eyes, blurring the picture until it reminded me of a cheap kind of decalcomania that in my boyhood days had satisfied my yearnings after the truly beautiful.

I made several ineffectual passes with my hands to brush the thing away. I had discovered that with certain classes of ghosts one could be rid of them, just as one may dissipate a cloud of smoke, by swirling one's outstretched paw around in it, and I hoped that I might in this way rid myself of the nuisance now before me. But I was mistaken. He swirled, but failed to dissipate.


"HE VANISHED IN SOMETHING OF A RAGE."

"Hum!" said I, straightening up, and addressing the thing with some degree of irritation. "You may know a great deal about art, my friend, but you seem not to have studied manners. Get out of my way."

"Pah!" he ejaculated, turning a particularly nasty pair of green eyes on me. "Who the deuce are you, that you should give me orders?"

"Well," said I, "if I were impulsive of speech and seldom grammatical, I might reply by saying Me, but as a purist, let me tell you, sir, that I'm I, and if you seek to know further and more intimately, I will add that who I am is none of your infernal business."

"Humph!" he said, shrugging his shoulders. "Grammatical or otherwise, you're a coward! You don't dare say who you are, because you are afraid of me. You know I am a spectre, and, like all commonplace people, you are afraid of ghosts."

A hot retort was on my lips, and I was about to tell him my name and address, when it occurred to me that by doing so I might lay myself open to a kind of persecution from which I have suffered from time to time, ghosts are sometimes so hard to lay, so I accomplished what I at the moment thought was my purpose by a bluff.

"Oh, as for that," said I, "my name is So and So, and I live at Number This, That Street, Chicago, Illinois."

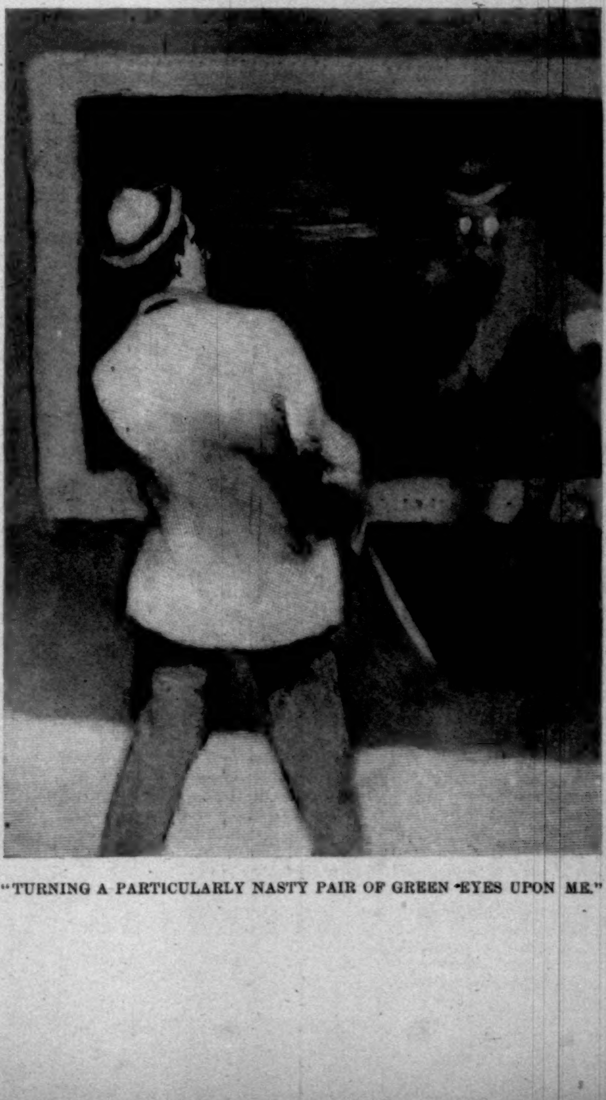
Both the name and the address were of course fictitious.

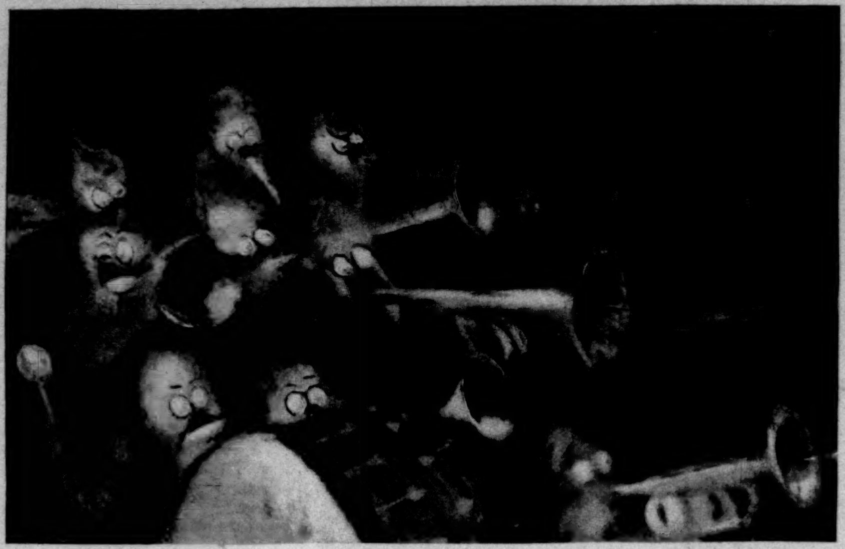
"Very well," said he, calmly, making a note of the address. "My name is Jones. I am the president of the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Spooks, enjoying a well-earned rest from his labors on his savings from his salary as a walking delegate. You shall hear from me on your return to Chicago through the local chapter, the United Apparitions of Illinois."

"All right," said I, with equal calmness. "If the Illinois spooks are as Illinoisome as you are, I will summon the board of health, and have them laid without more ado."

Upon this we parted. That is to say, I walked on to the Uffizi, and he vanished, in something of a rage, it seemed to me.

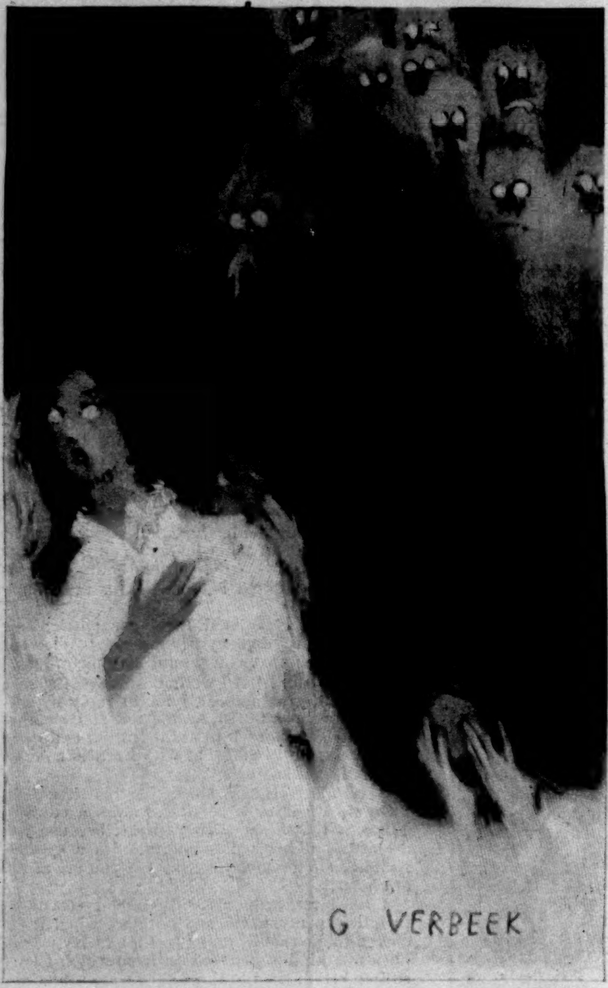
I thought no more of the matter until a week ago, when, in accordance with an agreement with the principal thereof, I left New York to go to Chicago, to give a talk before a certain young ladies' boarding-school, on the subject of "Mus-


"TURNING A PARTICULARLY NASTY PAIR OF GREEN EYES UPON ME."



"A SPECTRE BRASS BAND."

cular Romanticism." This was a lecture I had prepared on a literary topic concerning which I had thought much. I had observed that a great deal of the popularity of certain authors had come from the admiration of young girls—mostly those at boarding-school, and therefore deprived of real manly company—for a kind of literature which, seeming to be manly, did not yet appeal very strongly to men. In certain aspects it seemed strong. It presented heroes who were truly heroic, and who always did the right thing in the right manner. Writers who had more ink than blood to shed, and a greater knowledge of etiquette than of human nature, were making their way into temporary fame by compelling chaps to do things they could not do. I rather liked to read of these fellows myself. I am no exception to the rule which makes human beings admire, and very strongly too, the fellow who poses successfully. Indeed, I admire a *poseur* who can carry his pose through without disaster to himself, because he has nothing to back him up, and, wanting this, if by his assurance he can make himself a considerable personage, he falls short of genius only by lacking it. But this is apart from the story. Whatever the general line of thought in the lecture, I was, as I have said, on my way to Chicago to deliver it before a young ladies' boarding-school. I should have been happy over the prospect, for I have many warm friends in Chicago, there was a moderately large fee ahead, and there is always a charm, as well, in the mere act of standing on a dais before some two or three hundred young girls and having their undivided attention for a brief hour. Yet, despite all this, I was dreadfully depressed. Why, I could not at first surmise. It seemed to me, however, as though some horrid disaster were impending. I experienced all the sensations which make four o'clock in the morning so dreaded an hour to those who suffer from insomnia. My heart would race ahead, thumping like the screw of an ocean greyhound, and then slow down until it seemingly ceased to beat altogether; my hands were alternately dry and hot, and clammy and cold; and then like a flash I knew why, and what it was I feared. It suddenly dawned upon my mind that, by some frightfully unhappy coincidence, the address of Miss Brockton's Academy for Young Ladies, whither I was bound, was precisely the same as that I had given the vulgar little spook at Florence as my own. I had entirely forgotten the incident; and then, as I drew near to the spot whereon I was to have been made to suffer through the machinations of the local chapter of the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Spooks, my soul was filled with dread. Had Grand-Master-Spook Jones's threat been merely idle? Had he, even as I had done, dismissed the whole affair as unworthy of any further care, or would he keep his word?—indeed, had he kept his word, and, through his followers in the Amalgamated Brotherhood, made himself obnoxious to the residents of Number This, That Street?



"GHOSTS HAD PARADED THROUGH THE HOUSE, THREATENING THE OCCUPANTS."

My nervous dread redoubled as I neared Chicago, and it was as much as I could do, when the train reached Kalamazoo, to keep from turning back. And the event showed that I suffered with only too much reason, for, on my arrival at the house of the institution, I found it closed. The door was locked, the shades pulled down, the building the perfect picture of gloom. Miss Brockton, I was informed, was in a lunatic-asylum, and two hundred and eighty-three young girls, ranging from fourteen to twenty years of age, had been returned to their parents, the hair of every mother's daughter of them blanched white as the driven snow. No one knew, my informant said, exactly what had occurred at the academy, but the fact that was plain to all was that, some two weeks previous to my coming, the school had retired at the usual hour one night, in the very zenith of a happy prosperity, and gathered at breakfast the next morning to find itself wrecked, and bearing the outward semblance of a home for indigent old ladies. No one, from Miss Brockton herself to the youngest pupil, could give a coherent account of what had turned them all gray in a single night, and brought the furrows of age to cheeks both old and young, nor could any inducement be held out to any of the pupils to pass another night within those walls. They one and all fled madly back to their homes, and Miss Brockton's attempted explanation was so incredible that, protesting her sanity, she was nevertheless placed under restraint, pending a full investigation of the incident. She had, I was informed, asserted that some sixty ghosts of most terrible aspect had paraded through the house between the hours of midnight and 2 A.M., howling and shrieking and threatening the occupants in a most terrifying fashion. At their head marched a spectre brass band of twenty-four pieces, grinding out with horrid contortions and grimaces the most awful discords imaginable—discords, indeed, Miss Brockton had said, alongside of which those of the most grossly material German street band in creation became melodies of soothing sweetness. The spectre rabble to the rear bore transparencies, upon which were painted such legends as, "Hail to Jones, our beloved Chief!" "Strike One, Strike All!" and, "Down with Hawkins, the Grinder of Ghosts!" This last caused my heart to sink still lower, for Hawkins was the name I had given the vision at Florence, and I now understood all. It was only too manifest that I was the cause of the undoing of these innocents.

My lie to Jones had brought this disaster upon the Brockton Academy. The dreadfulness of it appalled me, and I turned away, sick at heart, only to find myself face to face with the horrid Jones, grinning like the cad he had proved himself.

"Well, you have done it," I cried, trembling with rage. "I hope you are proud of yourself, venting your spite on an innocent woman and two hundred and eighty-three defenceless girls."

He laughed.

"It was a pretty successful haunt," he said; "and possibly, now that Mrs. Hawkins and your daughters—"

"Who?" I cried. "Mrs. What, and which?"

"Your wife and children," he replied. "Now that the local chapter has attended to them, maybe you'll apologize to me for your boorish behavior at Florence."

"Those people were nothing to me," said I. "That was a boarding-school you have driven crazy. I was merely coming here to lecture—"

I immediately perceived my mistake. He could now easily discover my identity.

"Oho!" said he, with a broad, grim smile. "Then you lied to me at Florence, and you are not Hawkins, but the man they call the spook Boswell among us?"

"Yes, I am not Hawkins, and I am the other," I retorted. "Make the most of it."

"I thought that was rather a large family of girls for one man to have," rejoined Jones. "But see here—are you going to apologize or not?"

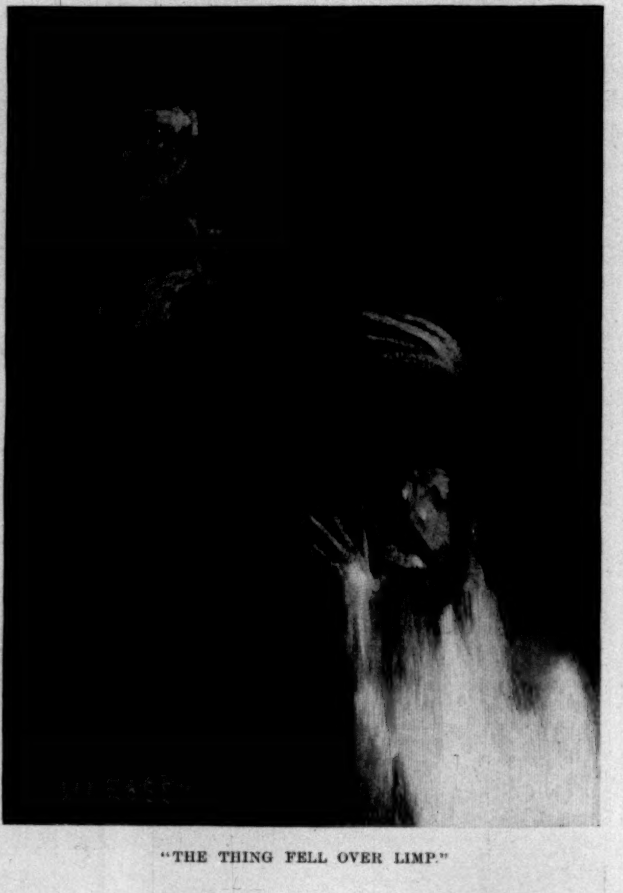
"I am not," I cried. "Never in this world nor in the next, you miserable handful of miasma!"

"Then, sir," said he, firmly, "I shall order a general strike for the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Spooks, and the strike will be on until you do apologize. Hereafter you will have to derive your inspiration from a contemplation of unskilled spooks, and, if I understand matters, you will find some difficulty in raising even these, for there is not one that I know of who doesn't belong to the union."

With that he vanished, and I sadly made my way back to my home. Once at my desk again, I turned my attention to the work I had promised you, and, to my chagrin, discovered that while I had all the concomitants of a successful Christmas story, I could not write it, because Grand-Master-Spirit Jones had kept his word. One and all, my selected group of spooks went out on strike. They absolutely refused to pose unless I apologized to Jones, and by no persuasions, threats, or cajoling have I been able since to make them rise up before me, that I might present them to my readers with that degree of fidelity which I deem essential. My home, which was once a sort of spirit club, is now bare of even a semblance of a ghost worth writing up, and, conjure as I may, I cannot bring them back. The strike is on, and I am its victim. But one miserable little specimen have I discovered since my interview with Jones, and so unskilled is he in the science of spooking, that I give you my word he could not make a baby shiver on a dark night with the temperature twenty below zero and the wind howling like a madman without; and as for making hair stand on end, I tried him on a bit of hirsute from the tail of the timidest fawn in the Central Park zoo, and the thing fell over as limp as a strand from the silken locks of the Lorelei.

That, my dear sir, is why I cannot give you the story I have promised. I hope you will understand that the fault is not my own, but is the result of the evil tendency of the times, when the protective principle has reached the ultimate of tyrannous absurdity.

While Jones is at the head of the Amalgamated Brotherhood my case is hopeless, for I shall never apologize, unless he promises to restore to poor Mrs. Brockton and her two hundred and eighty-three pupils their former youthful gayety and prosperity, which, I understand upon inquiry, he is unable to do, since the needed patent reversible spook, who will restore blanched hair to its natural color and return the bloom of youth to furrowed



"THE THING FELL OVER LIMP."

cheeks, has not yet been invented; and I, the only person in the world who might have invented it, am powerless, for while the boycott hangs over my head, as you will see for yourself, I am bereft of the raw material for the conducting of the necessary experiments.

THE WORLD IMPROVES.

[See double-page colored supplement, "Small Game Better than None," drawn by Howard Pyle, with this number.]

OLD-FASHIONED gentlemen we praise,
As did our dads before us,
And call old times "the good old days"
In approbative chorus.

Yet no man of us needs be told
That times we laud as "good" and "old"
Had still their drawbacks manifold;
That some folks, then as now, were rude;
That greedy ends were oft pursued
By m[illegible]ods still more bold and crude
Two centuries ago than now,
When wiser heads know better how.

Let's not regret the past, but give
Due thanks that it's our lot to live
Not in Queen Anne's, but Croker's, reign,
When power discreetly used may gain
The full reward that power deserves
Without offence to timid nerves.

E. S. M.

CHRISTMAS IN THE KLONDIKE.

CHRISTMAS everywhere should be a day of happiness and merrymaking, but I wonder how many of those who spent last season in the Klondike (or who are there now) can look back on it with any pleasure?

With hardly an exception it was our first winter amid far Northern conditions, and in addition to what might possibly be called hardships of the climate were those attending the circumstances of our coming and our mode of living; for we had reached Dawson after the arctic winter had set in.

The old-timers and those so fortunate as to have been in Dawson in time, or with sufficient money to place a large order at the stores for the necessaries of life, which are ordered in advance sufficient for the year, were comparatively well provided for, even though some of the steamers failed to get in with supplies to fill many of the orders completely. But none of the new-comers knew this. The "Chee-chahkos," as we were called, in our anxiety to reach the mines before the river closed, were exhausted in body, mind, and resources. Some had outfits large enough to tide them over until the first steamer came up in the spring to relieve almost certain famine, some had flour enough for only a few months, still others had less, and there were some who had not a pound of grub, a dollar of money, nor proper clothes on their backs. Many of these last preferred the remoter dangers of remaining in the Klondike to those of the trail, which was, by early winter, thronged with men fleeing for their lives, and, but for aid, starving.

The fear of famine was therefore over us all—though no one would starve so long as there was food in the camp. The days about Christmas grew short, only a bit of diffused daylight between ten and three, the sun being visible from the high ground, and the nights almost endless in their dreariness; for, like nearly everything else, candles were short, and one could afford but one at a time.

Men went over their grub-piles, then measured the time, and figured to a pound what they could allow themselves each day. There were parties living on a meal a day. In one cabin that I knew they allowed themselves bacon but twice a week. Flour was the staple by which the abundance of other things was measured, and it was not until some time after Christmas—namely, on January 10—that I noted as important news that food was easier, flour having dropped to fifty dollars a sack, damaged flour being worth as low as thirty-five. There were lots of people in the camp with sufficient equanimity to do as my friend Captain Anderson wrote out that he was doing—eating the best first, and the worst afterwards. And while spring revealed that our fears were groundless (since so many had departed from the camp), this anxiety was a distinct feature of our life as a whole.

The feeling at this time is expressed in some little verses by my versatile friend Russell S. Bates, which, in addition to their other beautiful qualities, are true to nature, for they were scribbled *in medias res.* Here they are:

THE LONE FLAPJACK.

One cold Alaska's winter day
I sat within my lonely shack;
Without, old Boreas held full sway,
While cold came in through every crack.
Upon the stove was scarce a snack—
My daily meal, a lone flapjack.

Upon the floor my flour lay—
In all 'twas less than half a sack.
My beans and bacon on that day
Would hardly constitute a pack.
Could I live on till first of May
Upon one lone flapjack a day?

While pondering thus, and looking back—
For I ne'er in my life did lack
Three sumptuous, hearty meals a day—
Judge Mastason, to my dismay,
Came in and said, "My dear old Mac,
Can you give me a hot flapjack?"

My friend has gone, the days seem black,
I miss his hearty, genial way.
His friends at home will test his sack
'Mid popping corks, as good friends may;
But should the spring convey him back,
He's welcome to my lone flapjack!

As Christmas approached, preparations were made to celebrate in some fashion; if not hilariously, then with as much propriety as possible. Some put little evergreens in front of their places, which in a dim way suggest the Christmas season. They were not hard to get, for the country is full of spruces of just the right size. Every one tried to have something special for dinner. There was much in our surroundings to suggest the season of gayety—the snow and cold, the people in furs and bright bits of color, the tinkling of bells of the swell dog-teams.

But while we had these natural accompaniments of the season, one prime essential was lacking. There was not a turkey in the camp. Some one had reported that a Dutchman brought a turkey in over the ice, one that his wife had cooked in Skaguay, but I believe that was not true. Andrew Flett, the Saskatchewan half-breed, with his train of dogs and the official mail (and a file of

(*Continued on page 1245.*)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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"VIOLETS OF THE CZAR."

EVERY one has his own peculiar idea about life, and sees it all in beauteous form according to the realization of his desiderata. Some aspire after riches, others after glory, others after love, . . . and each pursues his dream with desperation. . . . But beyond the initial aspiration upon which life is based there exists a certain amount of exquisite enjoyments of which one and all without exception is anxious to partake; and the purest, most refined, and at the same time the one which appeals the most to the senses is to be found in perfumes; in fact, which modern organism could resist the ideal attraction and the charms inspired by the "VIOLETS OF THE CZAR" of ORIZA-LEGRAND, for to them it intoxicates the brain and the heart!—[*Adv.*]

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PEARS' SOAP
IN THE NAME THERE IS FAME

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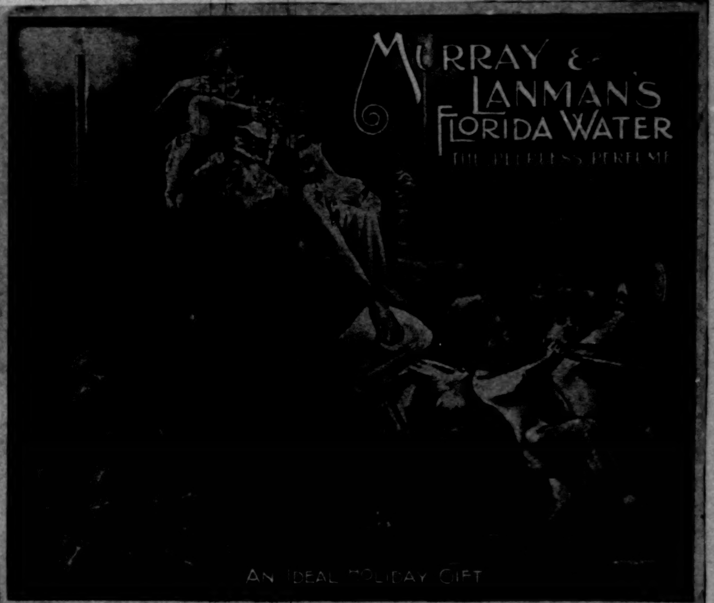

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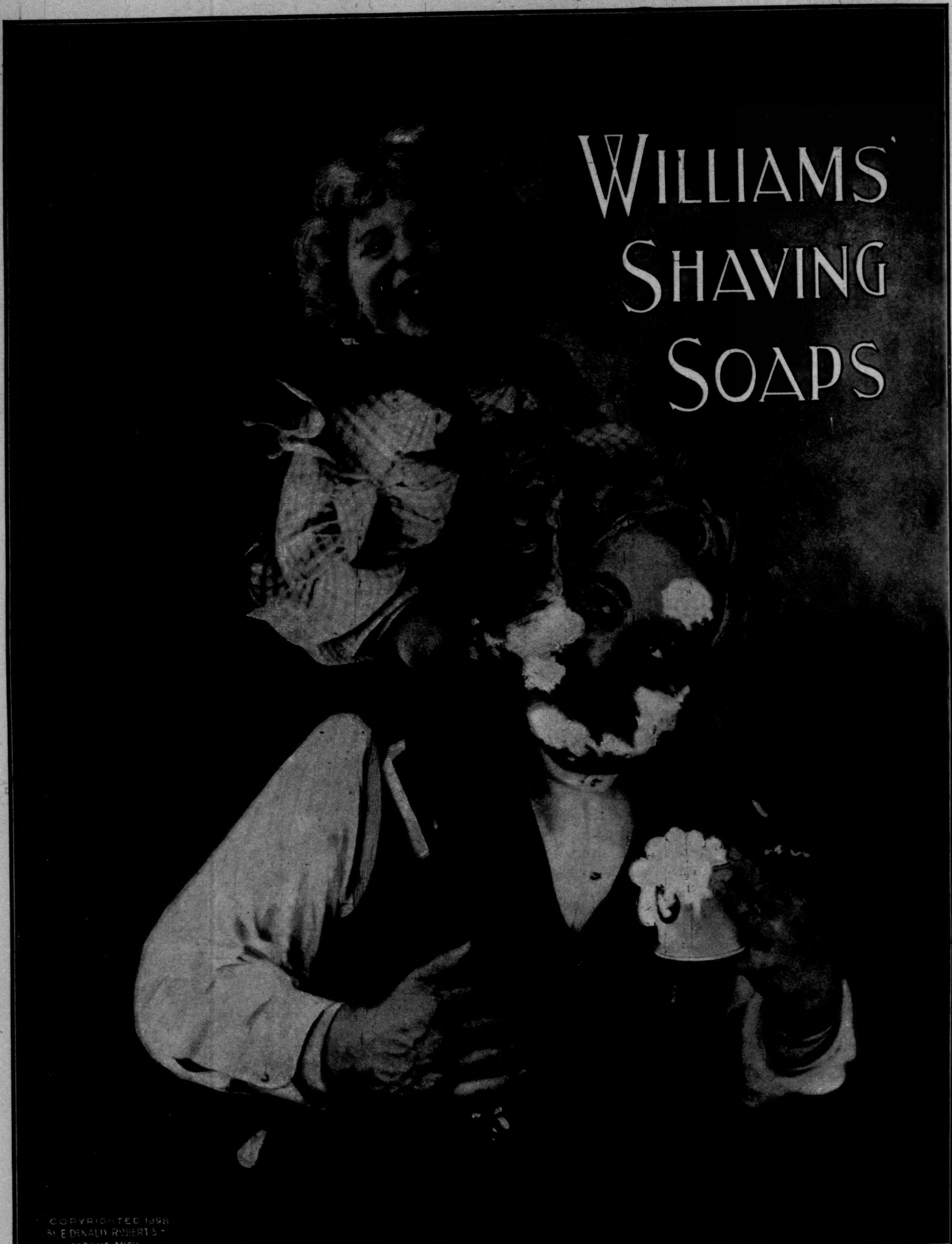
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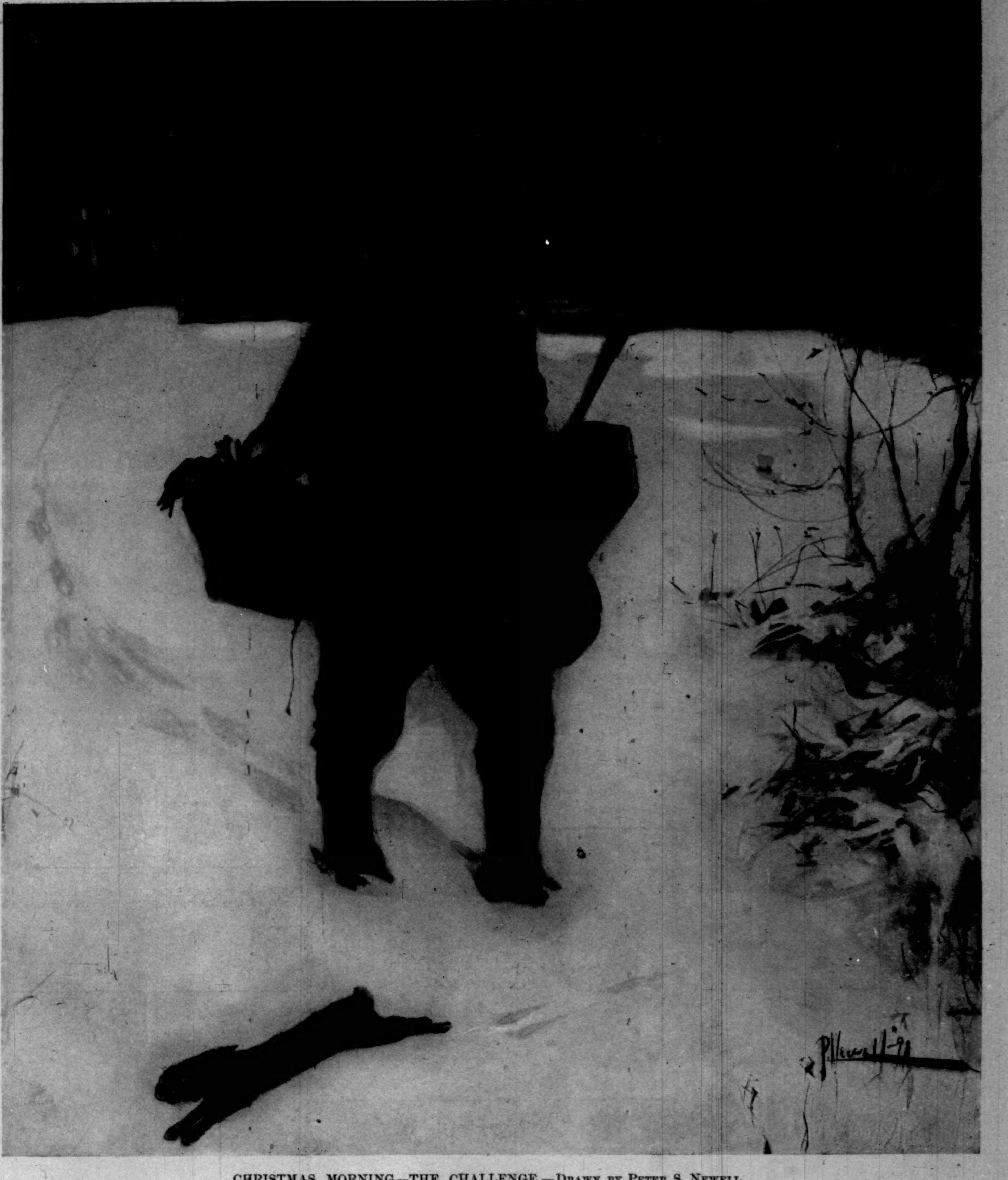
A Merry Christmas



CHRISTMAS MORNING—THE CHALLENGE.—Drawn by Peter S. Newell.

(*Continued from page 1243.*)

Harper's Weekly), was the first to arrive straight through from outside. But on the 10th of April a man answering the description did arrive, and raffled the turkey off in McPhee's saloon, netting him $174; but he said he would not bring in another at the same price. So a description of our Christmas turkey must be of the one we did not have. If any one had owned a turkey, we could have found a way to dispose of it without fatal effects, as cranberries are plentiful in the Yukon.

I was not worried about the outlook for Christmas dinner until Pelletier, my cabin partner, announced that he had invited some friends to dinner. Heavens! I looked under the bunk where we had our stock of grub safely cachéd. There was bacon, plenty of that, but we were getting a little tired of it three times a day. Flour, plenty of that too; not much hand at making bread—never did cook until I had to. Pelletier no better, but with more imagination for concocting, which is nine parts of good cooking. Vegetarian, too, he was, having to live on soup vegetables and beans since he cooked that last lot of eighteen loaves that we could not eat, and that the dogs would not eat either, because he forgot to sweeten the sour dough. It would be flapjacks and beans. Plenty of them; got wet coming down river, but all right yet.

Milk all gone last week; don't know what possessed me not to put in two or three cases of condensed milk; those old-timers must have tough constitutions, when they said to bring in only pork and beans. Butter, some left; we will soon be able to call it cheese or butter. It is hard to tell the difference now.

Pelletier said, "Leave it to me!"

Day before Christmas he came in with some bundles, which he threw down on the table. I saw they were cans—some condensed cream, two tins of French pease, and—a can of turkey!

With the help of the turkey, which Pelletier had somehow rustled out of one of the stores, and with the counsel of old Joe Liberty, an old-timer from Juneau, who had come to live in the cabin, we made out not badly. One of our guests was setting out on the tedious journey to the outside, and it was a farewell dinner as well for him—a better one than many a poor fellow already on the trail was having that day.

And it was better than many a one has had on the Yukon. Nearly every one I knew began to have a touch of scurvy. We all missed the fresh meat.

Unable to stand the dreariness, and, moreover, being anxious to explore the upper Klondike, where few white men had been, soon after Christmas I threw some blankets and some grub on a sled and ran off with the Indians, and lived like a heathen for a month or two.

I heard much complaint about the food in Dawson, though I think the cooking of it is as important as the quality. I wonder what those old-timers were made of who, at the time of the strike on El Dorado, had nothing but candles to put in the beans, not even salt, until Swiftwater Bill thought they were using too many candles for drifting and shut down on them, and then they had nothing to season with but sarsaparilla.

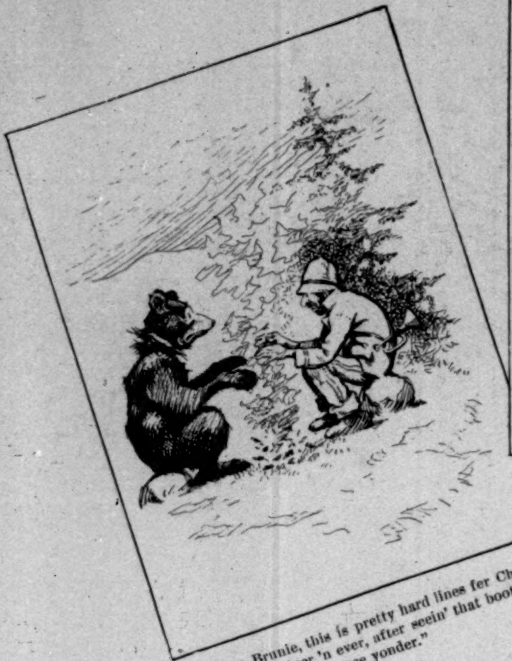
I heard of another Christmas dinner, of two old-timers in the Lower Country. They were original old-timers; had been sixteen years in the country; came here from Cassiar; hadn't seen a railroad train for forty years; whiskers a foot long—what they call "sour-dough stiffs" down in Circle. Though the biggest-hearted men, they were regular old cranks. These two old-timers were living in the same old cabin; but each had his own stove, did his own cooking, had his own outfit, and his own side of the cabin, the two households being as distinct as if they were miles apart. It was Christmas, and one of the men had found a soup-bone, so as to have something special. The other man saw the preparations, and resolved to have something extra that day too; but he had no soup-bone, only soup vegetables; so he too made himself some soup. They sat down to dinner, each in his own corner. The man who had the bone tasted his soup.

"I tell you," said he, smacking his lips, "this soup tastes good," and kept on eating.

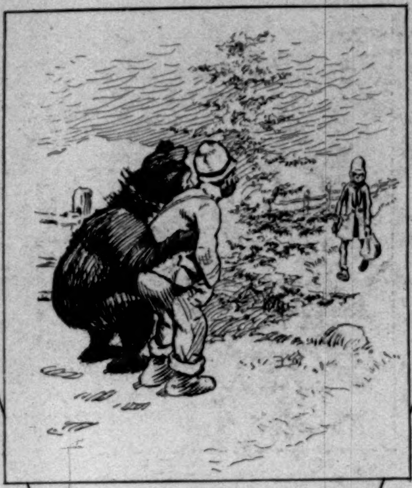
The other smacked his lips too; never looked up, but shook his head, saying, "It can't taste any better than mine." And those two old cranks kept on eating, each telling how good his own soup was, and it never occurred to either of them to offer some to the other!

I only heard this story. Alaska is the abiding-place of colossal liars. One must believe nothing he hears, and only half of what he sees.

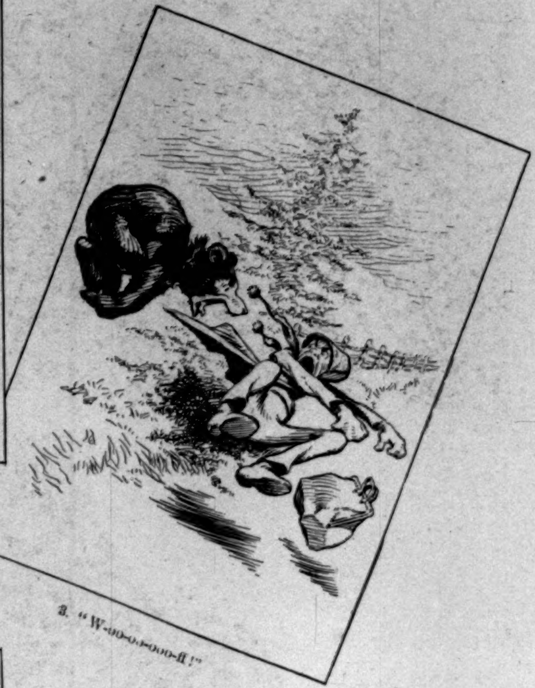
Tappan Adney.



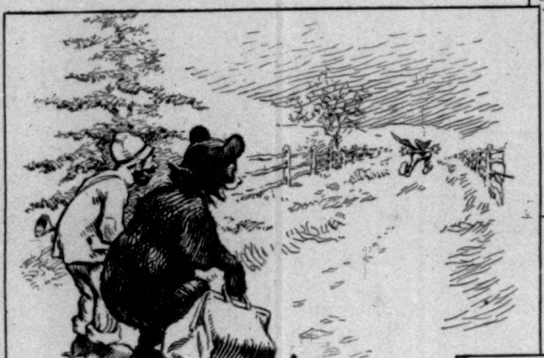
1. "Yes, Brunie, this is pretty hard lines fer Chris'mas eve, an' I feel bluer 'n ever, after seein' that bootiful tree down in the school-house yonder."



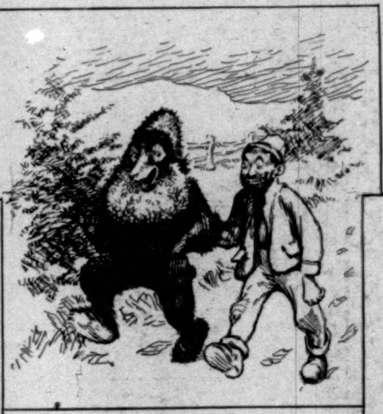
2. "Say, Brunie, here comes the feller what's goin' ter be Sandy Claws down there to-night. Heard him say so in the village to-day. Costume's in that bag. You spring out on him an' git it. I've got a scheme."



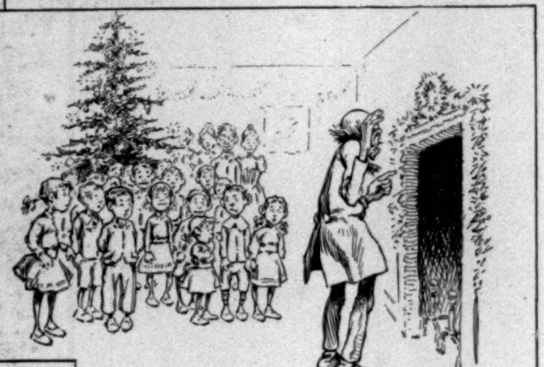
3. "W-oo-o-o-ooo-ff!"



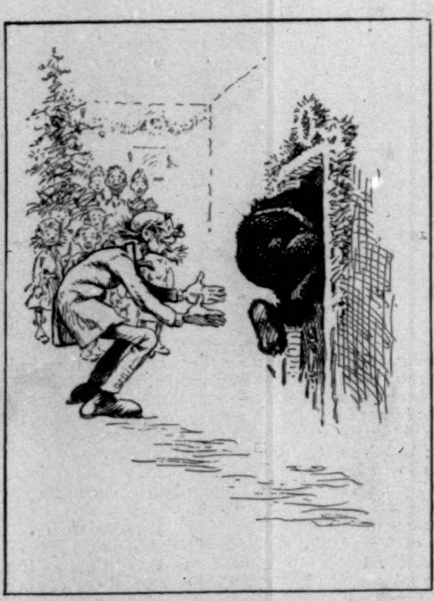
4. "Bully boy, Brunie! he won't stop runnin' fer a week."



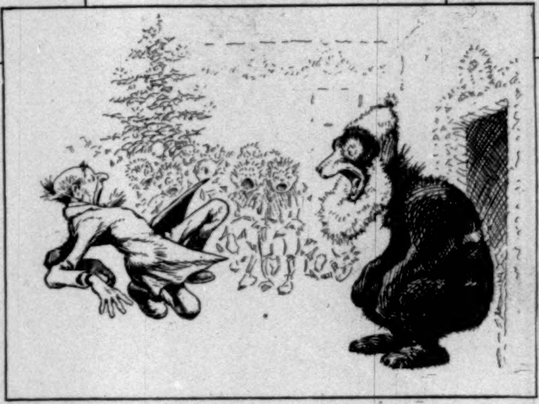
5. "Now all you've got ter do is ter jest shin down the chimbly, and when yer gits in, *scare 'em.*"



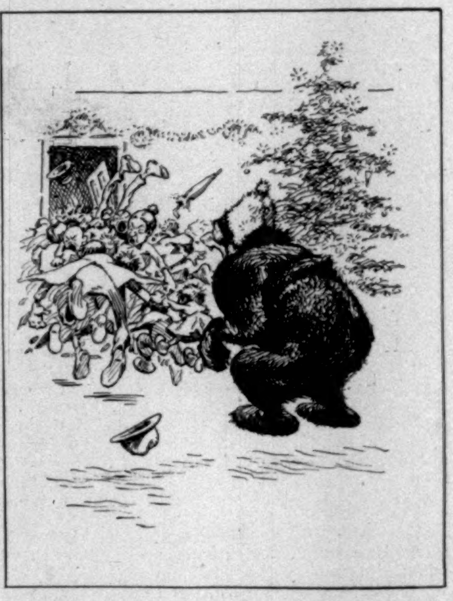
6. *Deacon Shaddock:* "Hark, little children, for even now I think I hear old Santy coming down this unused fire-place."



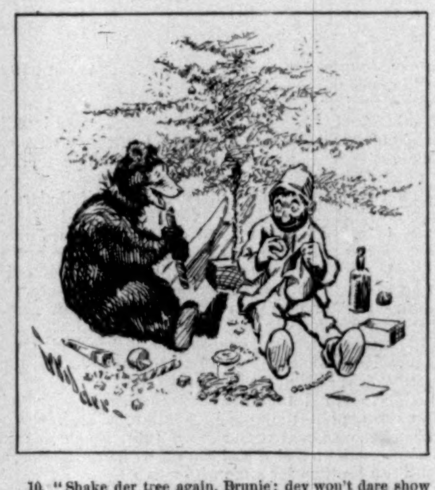
7. "Ah, yes, here comes the dear old fellow. Don't be frightened, children. How de do, San—"



8. "W-o-oo-oo-ooo-ff!"

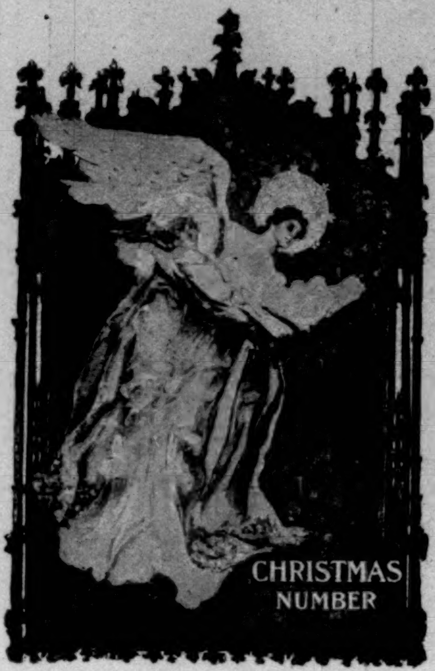


9. "Woof! *Woo-oo-ff! Wo-oo-ooof!*"



10. "Shake der tree again, Brunie; dey won't dare show up before daylight. Say, dis is a rather merry Chris'mas, after all."

THE MERRY CHRISTMAS OF THE DANCING-BEAR AND HIS SCHEMING MASTER.



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THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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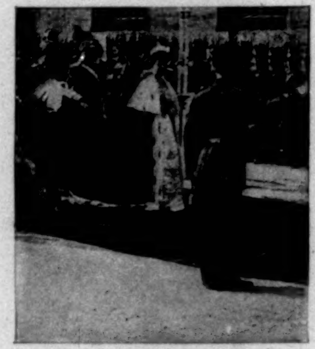

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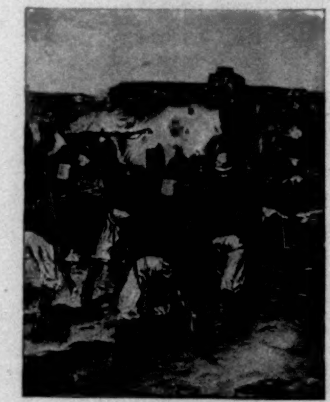

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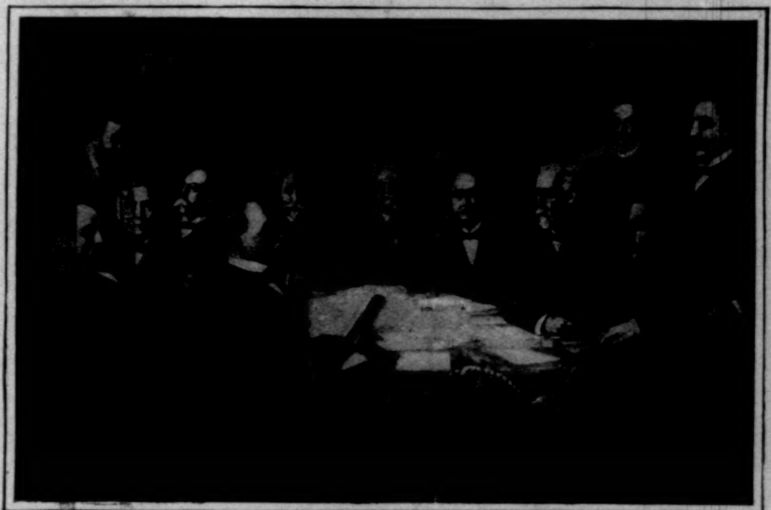

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ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM FOR 1898.

Romeyn (West Point), full-back.
Dibblee, Captain (Harvard), and McBride (Yale), half-backs.
Daly (Harvard), quarter-back.
Cunningham (Michigan), centre.
Hare (Pennsylvania) and Boal (Harvard), guards.
Chamberlin (Yale) and Hillebrand (Princeton), tackles.
Palmer (Princeton) and Hallowell (Harvard), ends.

SUBSTITUTES.

IN THE LINE.

Overfield (Pennsylvania), Brown (Yale), Burden (Harvard), Haughton (Harvard), Donald (Harvard), Folwell (Pennsylvania), Poe (Princeton).

BACK OF THE LINE.

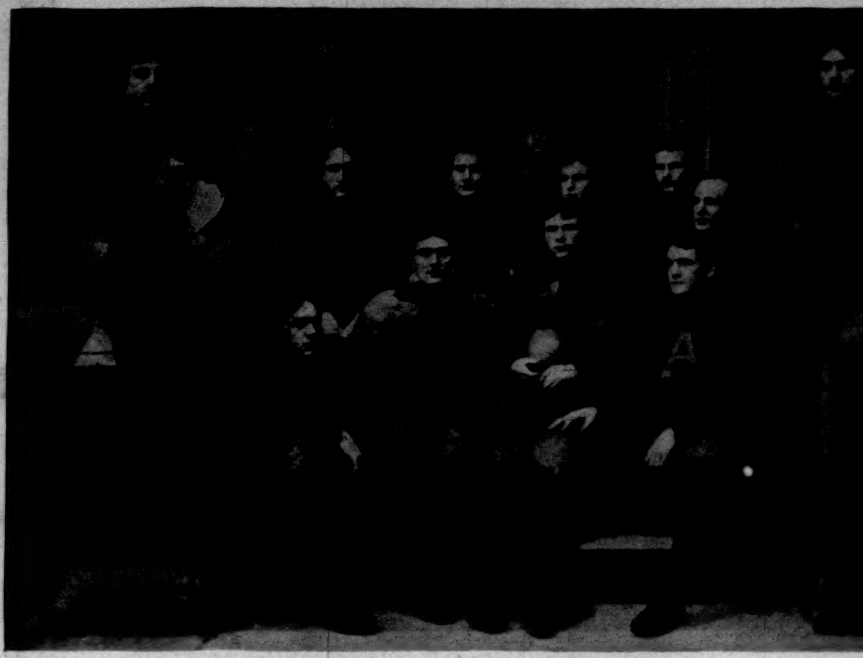
Reid (Harvard), Warren (Harvard), Kromer (West Point), O'Dea (Wisconsin).

EXCEPT FOR SOME GENERAL IMPROVEMENT in punting, the football season of '98 marked no development deserving commendation. On the contrary, the average quality of play among the larger university teams of the East, Harvard not included, was distinctly lower than that of '96—I was in Siam and Sumatra hunting big game in '97, and therefore saw none of the elevens of that year. Among the smaller college teams East and South there appears to have been about a maintenance of the level of play of two years ago. In the Middle West, generally speaking, there has been a perceptible advance, although two of the larger universities, Chicago and Wisconsin, show less evidence of it than the others. Meanwhile the standard of general play of the larger university teams, East and West, is slowly and surely approaching a basis from which comparison is not only possible, but highly creditable to the West. There is not yet equality—it would be unreasonable to expect it—but the West is no longer the unthinking pupil of the East.

NEW AND DISTINCT PLAYS are developed, and defensive as well as offensive work laid out on original lines. Michigan's line-up on the defensive this year, though somewhat approaching Univ. of Penn.'s skilful arrangement of her back field, was an illustration in this respect. In the first class, the Eastern standard is yet quite a bit higher than the Western; how much higher it is impossible to judge accurately, and time wasted to speculate. Perhaps three touch-downs higher would be a conservative guess. It should be borne in mind by our Western reader that while Chicago was at her best against Univ. of Penn., the latter looked forward to the meeting with Harvard as her crucial test and culminating effort of the year. At the same time it must be acknowledged that Univ. of Penn.'s play against Harvard was but very little, if any, stronger than against Chicago. But carrying out the comparison is checked again by the fact that Harvard's final display of the year—her top form, in other words—at New Haven, was, on the offensive, a good twenty-five per cent. stronger than it had been at Cambridge against Univ. of Penn.

REED,
Left Guard, Cornell Team.

CAPTAIN WHITING,
Left Half-back, Cornell Team.



FOOTBALL ELEVEN, UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT, NEW YORK.

IF I WERE PINNED DOWN to an expression of opinion on the comparative merits of Eastern and Western play, I should unhesitatingly declare Michigan, Chicago, Wisconsin, West Point, and Cornell in the same class, with very little indeed to choose between at least the leading two Westerners and the teams from Ithaca and the Military Academy. Those who like to pursue these sectional comparisons to the bitter end can, without much difficulty, discover the relative positions of West Point and Cornell in the Eastern ranking.

Between the smaller colleges of the East and of the West I am inclined to think—although figures to corroborate my belief are wanting—that if we leave out Wesleyan and Brown and Carlisle, which occupy a rank between West Point *et al.* and Dartmouth, which is the undisputed leader of the New England league, the advantage will be all with the West. The Western small college team, as a rule, when it plays football, plays with comparatively great offensive strength, and a defence only slightly inferior to that of the Eastern small college of corresponding size. Moreover, it looks as though the faculties of the smaller Middle-Western colleges showed more concern than do the faculties of some Eastern small colleges for the ethical side of their sport. I wish to be understood as not including western Pennsylvania and western Ohio and the Missouri Valley section in this reference to comparative ethics in the Eastern and Western small colleges.

THE LESSON OF THE SEASON was contained in the triumph of the evenly developed team. Never before has so striking an illustration been given of the fallacy, in present-day football, of relying upon unusual strength in one direction to make amends for real weakness in another. Not before has such incontrovertible evidence been furnished to prove that, in the modern game, a strong line is not all-sufficient to success. On the 5th of November Univ. of Penn. had a line about as strong, defensively, as Harvard's, and offensively a little stronger, yet Harvard scored and Univ. of Penn. did not; Yale's line, defensively and offensively, was stronger than Princeton's, yet Princeton scored and Yale did not. Univ. of Penn. ran the ball about eighty yards more than Harvard, and yet lost; Princeton gained during the game, including Poe's ninety-five-yard run on a fumble, one hundred yards less than Yale with the ball in hand, yet Princeton won.

It means, if it has any significance, that the team which is well rounded out has material advantages in match play over one unevenly developed, and yet more brilliant, perhaps, in one or even two directions. It means, furthermore, that after many tentative efforts the kicking game has come to be an actuality. Not as an occasional resort during a hotly contested match, but as a regularly organized part of a team's play. The season has shown, too—emphasized its lesson in this respect, indeed—that the kicking game does not begin and end with merely booting the ball when no gain can be made by the runners, does not, in fact, mean simply lifting the ball into your opponents' territory, or at least away from your goal-line, but it means that the kicking game implies punting, supporting the backs' work with the ends, and handling the kicks of opponents.

REALLY THIS READS LIKE THE A B C of football, and as a matter of actual fact, so it is; and that being so, did any one ever see elementary principles more ignored than they were this year by Univ. of Penn. and—Yale? Fancy Yale disregarding the rudiments! Truly a change has come to New Haven.

Yale's ends provided indifferent support to even the mediocre punting exhibited by the blue at Princeton and again at New Haven, but Univ. of Penn. revealed more startling evidence of ignorance by permitting opponents' kicks to bounce and roll along undisturbed towards her goal-line. Had one not seen it, one could hardly believe a 'varsity team capable of such incompetency in this particular. When Univ. of Penn. did not let the punted ball bounce and roll, she muffed it, and Yale muffed and fumbled more than her erring companion because she attempted to catch more frequently.

IN OTHER RESPECTS YALE'S WORK WAS STRONG; her running game and her determined defence alone saved her from demoralization under Princeton's continued punting, and spared her even a worse defeat, by a couple of touch-downs, at New Haven. But a great part of the time there was lacking that clean-cut, sharp teamwork that has been so prominent a feature of Yale's teams in recent years. Between Yale and Univ. of Penn., this year, it is difficult to choose. One had first-class and the other had indifferent initial material in the back field; Yale's poor work was due largely to men being laid up and unwise handling; Univ. of Penn's. backs muffed and let the punted ball bounce and roll, probably because they did not have it in them to do better. The back fields of both, at all events, neutralized the first-class work of their respective lines. With Yale's back field in sound physical condition the team would be strong enough, I think, to defeat Univ. of Penn., but on the showing made

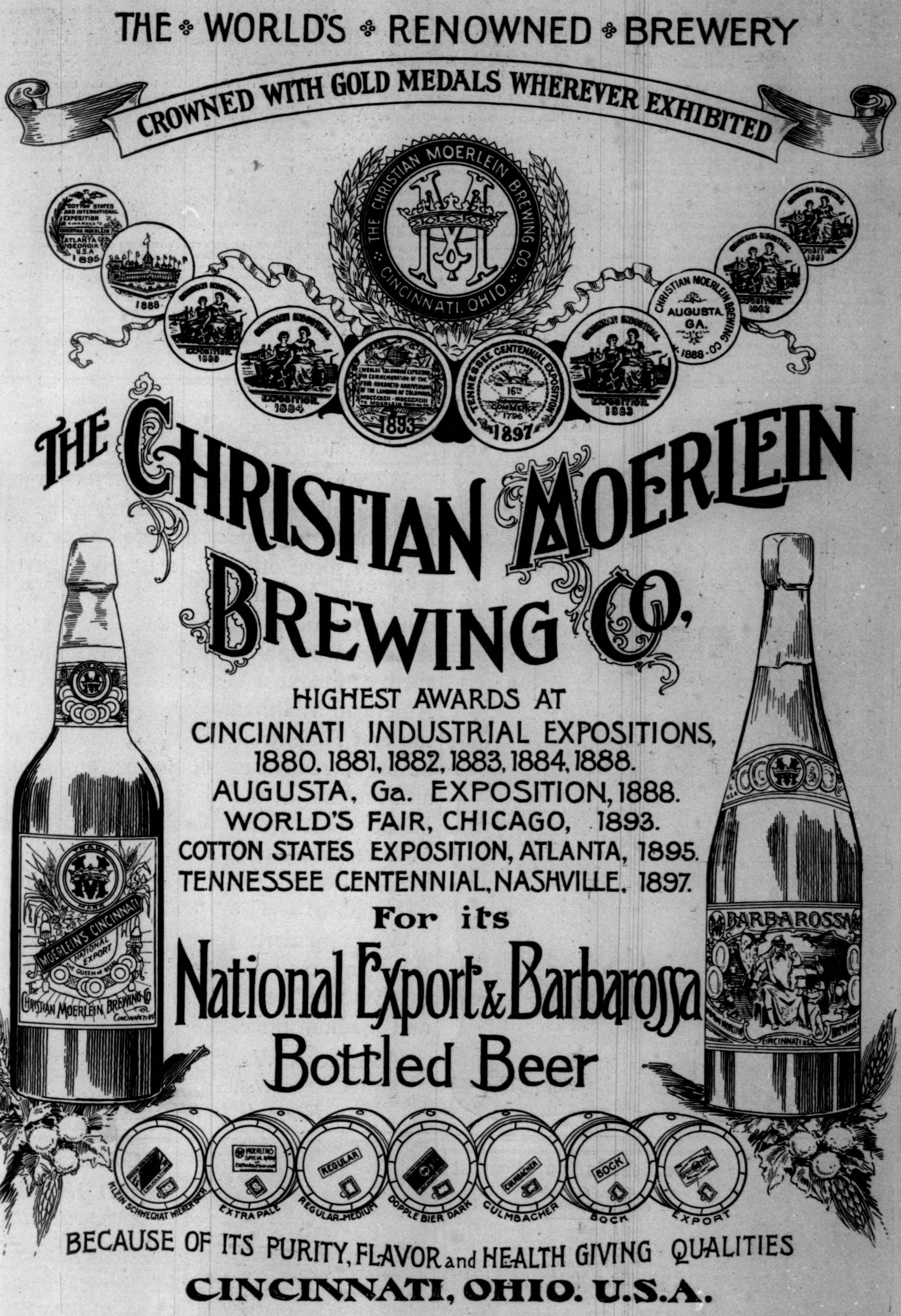
W. T. REID, JR.,
Full-back, Harvard.

WHEELER,
Full-back, Princeton.

P. OVERFIELD,
Centre, Pennsylvania.

W. F. BENNETT,
Capt. and Left Guard, U. of Michigan.

CHARLES WIDMAN,
Left Half-back, U. of Michigan.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this season, the two are very evenly matched, with perhaps the odds slightly in Yale's favor.

Univ. of Penn. depended throughout the year almost entirely on the guards-back formation or system, but toward the end of the season—notably in the Cornell game—increased the variety of plays. It is probable we shall see, next year, even a greater number started from this formation, to the increased effective playing strength of the eleven. Outland did his best work of the year in some of the late variations.

Yale, more than any other of the large universities, ran line men from their positions, and held to a more simple formation. Harvard and Univ. of Penn., and also Princeton, used more line men in interference than Yale, the first two more cleverly than Princeton. Harvard and Univ. of Penn. more frequently dropped forwards behind the line to advance the ball from the half-back's position. At the same time the play of Harvard and Yale was much more open than that of Univ. of Penn. Princeton used her backs almost entirely through the centre, or in end plays by ends and halves, or in mass-on-tackle plays. Univ. of Penn. employed the quarter-back kick—which, on the season's work, probably lost more ground than it gained—and the delayed pass, which was executed very skilfully on occasions, and resulted in good gains.

The importance of the kicking game, by which I mean all that the game includes—punting, handling of opponents' kicks, and support by the ends—is markedly shown by the disposition of Princeton in the season's ranking of teams. It was Princeton's very excellent showing in that respect which gave her victory over Yale, and it is because of development in that department of the game, and not on account of the Yale victory, that I rank Princeton next to Harvard this year. If that showing could be ignored, Princeton would be fourth instead of second. Both Univ. of Penn. and Yale exhibited much stronger offensive play than Princeton, and Univ. of Penn. was as strong, and Yale stronger, also on the defensive. As a matter of fact, Princeton's victory was quite a surprise, for no one had thought it possible for Yale to fumble so repeatedly, and Princeton's team had not shown a running game that warranted confidence in her ability to win. Her interference was really not first class; it was not harmonious in itself, nor was it always timely. There was not the life or dash of the '96 eleven, and this year's team fumbled a great deal more than the one of two years ago. Indeed, this has been a notable year in respect to fumbling. I do not recollect another like it—when two of the leading four 'varsity teams threw away their chances by unexampled uneven development, and three of the four failed to equal their previous standard of play.

Only one team in the country played high-class football this year, and that team was Harvard. Not only played the best football of '98, but displayed a quality of consistent, accumulative team-work such as no eleven has ever excelled, and which only a couple of Yale's best teams have approached. It was unquestionably the most perfectly rounded-out team the game has produced. A team with no apparent weakness, with its work in all departments equally strong; relying on no one style of play or formation or system, but capable of adapting its game to changing conditions, and always discerning, tireless, and skilful. I have never seen another team of which so much could be said. The back field and the line worked together without a hitch, each supporting the other, to the making of a powerful whole.

And one of the good features of Harvard's season was the steady, continuous improvement throughout the practice, which seemed timed to bring the team to top form on the day of the Yale game. The eleven that played Yale could scarcely be recognized as the one which had experienced so much difficulty defeating the Indians. The offence against Univ. of Penn. was a mere suggestion of the strength it developed two weeks later against Yale.

On the day Harvard played Yale she was much stronger than at Cambridge two weeks before, and outclassed every other one of the four 'varsity teams. It was a great victory for Harvard, and the least significant, though perhaps most satisfying, result to the average Harvard man was witnessed at New Haven. The most important victory was in Boston, where prejudice in system and conflict in opinion had been conquered and unified. The influences that have been at work the past two years, looking to the subordination of individuals into one intelligent co-operating body working for the interest of the university, have brought about handsome results. There is a new spirit at Boston—and it breathes Harvard. The day of that bumptious creature who sees not and cares not to see beyond his own exploitation has passed from Cambridge—probably not to return. The lesson has been long in the learning. Credit is due Mr. Forbes for harmonizing the various elements and organizing and directing the coaching, and clinging to it steadfastly, to Dr. Brooks, who supported Mr. Forbes, and to Lewis, Waters, and Dean, who, among others, aided in the coaching.

Based on this year's showing and on its consistent work of the last four years, I put West Point at the head of the second class, which includes also Cornell, Michigan, Chicago, and Wisconsin. Perhaps Cornell might defeat West Point, but I should wish to see it before believing. On this year's work alone West Point deserves precedence, and her best game was against Princeton. There is so little to choose between any of them that an all-round contest in this class, which is of course not feasible, would produce exceptionally interesting games. Wisconsin's fate in such a contest would perhaps not be so uncertain, but as between Michigan and Chicago, or West

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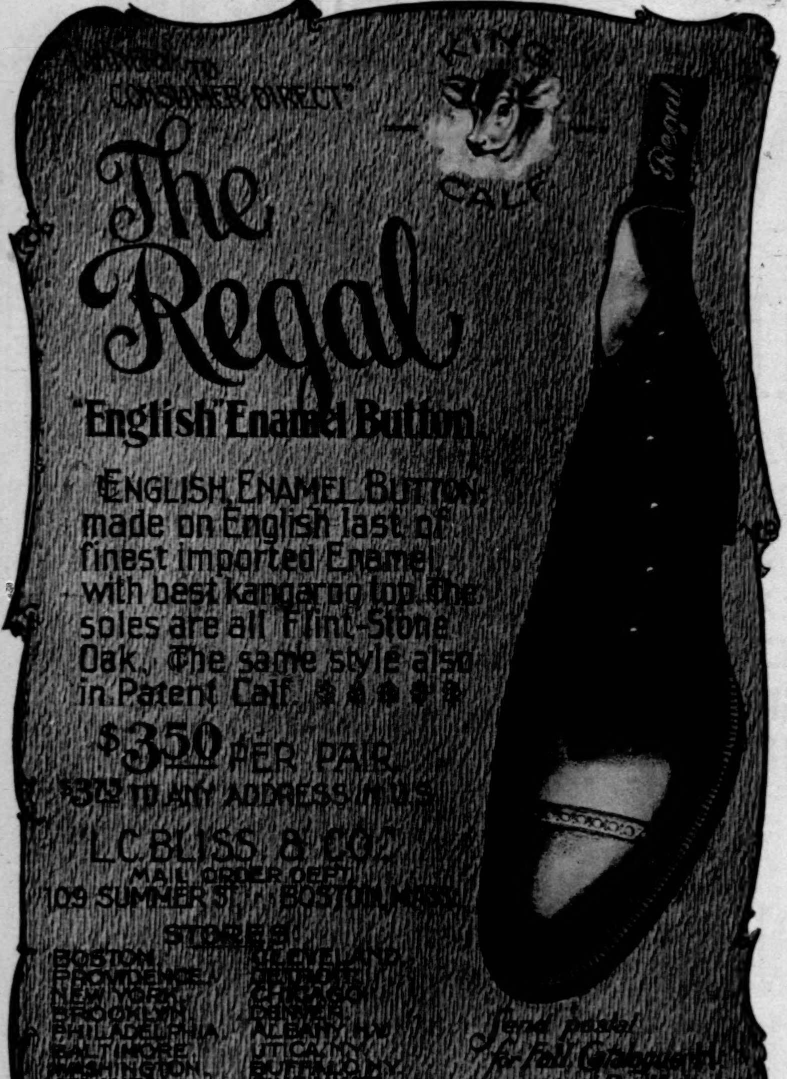

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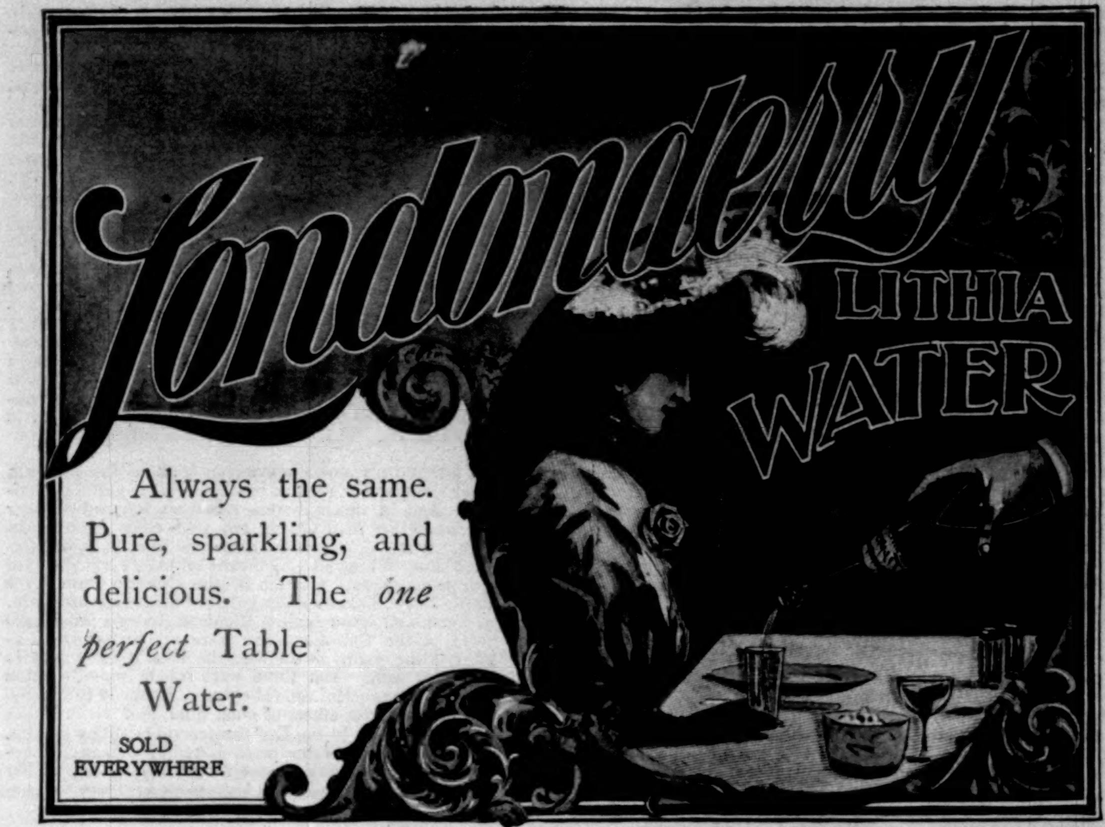

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Point and Cornell, or either one of the Eastern teams and one or the other of the Westerners, the better team could only be decided by actual play. It is difficult to place Annapolis because she meets so few of the others, but I should say she belongs at the foot of this class. None of these teams, except Michigan, has made any notable advance in the quality of its play over last year. Cornell and West Point were particularly good in handling kicks. So far as ethics are concerned, Chicago retrograded; she played Herschberger and Cavanaugh, a flagrant breach of the spirit and text of the rules to which Chicago had subscribed. I shall take up this and associate matters more fully later. I can only say now that the confidence sportsmen reposed in the Chicago University faculty, and especially in Stagg, appears to have been misplaced.

CARLISLE, WESLEYAN, AND BROWN are three that should meet frequently on the football field, and yet that play one another but rarely; indeed, I do not recall if Carlisle and Wesleyan have ever met. Wesleyan has made an excellent record this year, as her scores show, and so have Carlisle and Brown, although the last, despite the showing against Harvard (with Daly and Haughton and Dibblee out), has probably not so strong an eleven this year as either of the others.

I should put Oberlin also in this class, and at the same time expect to hear a storm of criticism sweeping down upon me from Ohio. I have no doubt many enthusiastic friends of Oberlin have long since, on the strength of the showing against Cornell, figured that college to be of football equality with Michigan, Chicago, and Wisconsin. Cornell's games against Carlisle and against Oberlin were vastly different in force; against Carlisle she was fifty per cent. the stronger. The fact that Carlisle played a tie game with University of Cincinnati after Oberlin had beaten her 6–0 is no more convincing than the other game in the attempt to argue Oberlin, on comparative scores, into a place alongside of Michigan. Oberlin has played good football and made an excellent record, but she would find her skill put to utmost test in holding a place in the class I place her, without aspiring to greater difficulties in the class next above.

DARTMOUTH, ILLINOIS, UNIV. OF CINCINNATI, Minnesota, and Pennsylvania State appear to be pretty much of a class, notwithstanding some discrepancies in scores. Cincinnati beat Dartmouth 17–12, and Carlisle defeated Illinois 10–0. I should be inclined to place Illinois at the head of this group; her showing against the Indians was unexpectedly good. Pennsylvania State made an excellent record. Perhaps the surprise of the smaller college football season was the great falling off in Lafayette's play. But, after all, it was only getting back to the healthful normal state. During the athletic fever a few years back, Lafayette secured several men of exceptional ability who would be ineligible in these days. These stars, together with excellent coaching, put Lafayette, for one year and part of another, above her natural class and her rival Lehigh, and she has but returned to them this year.

Amherst, Williams, Trinity, displayed their usual level of football, which has shown no advance for several years.

There are many other small college teams that should be classified, but which cannot be discussed, because there is no way of getting a line on their play through their meeting teams whose standard of performance is established. The showing of a single game may or may not be significant; it depends so much on the circumstances.

This is especially true of the games in the practice season which the larger elevens play with the smaller, and that is why, too, so many go astray in figuring out a 'varsity team's strength by a score or series of scores it may have made in the early weeks of its practice season.

The larger elevens use these games simply as practice—in the testing of new men, new formations, new plays; it is a trying-out season, whose results give the desired finish for the important games, towards which all development, all training is tending. What happens in the mean time is by the way. No one, for example, imagines Harvard and Brown even as near an equality as the score of their game (17–5) suggests.

THE ONLY EMBARRASSMENT ENCOUNTERED in choosing an All-America eleven this year is in the superabundance of riches. There are not so many stars as some years have given us, but there is such a number of thoroughly first-class players that one wishes to use them all and cannot, even by increasing the substitutes to eleven. When it becomes necessary to put such a man as Haughton among the substitutes, the quantity of high-class material may be appreciated. There is really very little difference, in my judgment, in the strength of the All-America team and that of its substitutes—what a game the two would make! There has not been a year when as much could be said, or when the teams were so evenly balanced and generally well developed in all departments of the game.

I wish to add—I believe I do so every year—that, in filling positions, regular and substitute, on this All-America team, I consider the candidate's all-round skill and judgment, his ethics, and his antecedents. It is not my purpose to have any man on the national eleven whose appearance on a college team during the year has been in violation of the spirit of amateur sport, or one whose play has been unsportsmanly. Again—the retirement through injury of a player whose standard of performance has been established will not lessen his chances to make the All-America, provided, of course, his ability entitles him to consideration. This, it seems to me, is only fair.

THOROUGHLY GOOD MATERIAL back of the line was more abundant in '98 than in any previous year I remember. And in this direction the West has had a larger representation than during any year of its football history. O'Dea's (Wisconsin) drop-goal from his own fifty-yard line, Widman's (Michigan) brilliant sixty-five-yard run through half a dozen of the Chicago team for a touch-down, Slaker's (Chicago) line-bucking against Univ. of Penn. and again against Michigan, Caley's (Michigan) work in the Chicago game, were all performances to suggest the quality of the men the West is developing in the back field. And there were others, too—Johnston (Northwestern), McLean (Michigan), Kennedy (Chicago), and no doubt yet others of good quality of whom I have not kept track. In the East the general quality was high, but in so many individual cases marred by uneven development. Several backs of exceptional line-bucking ability

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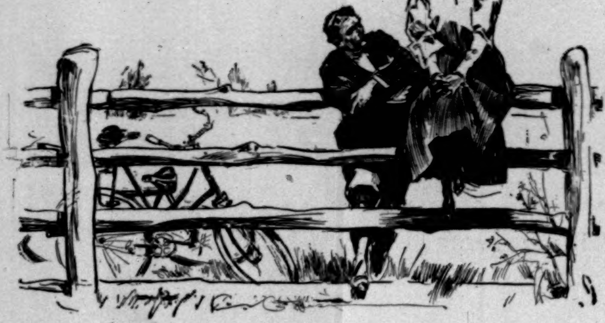

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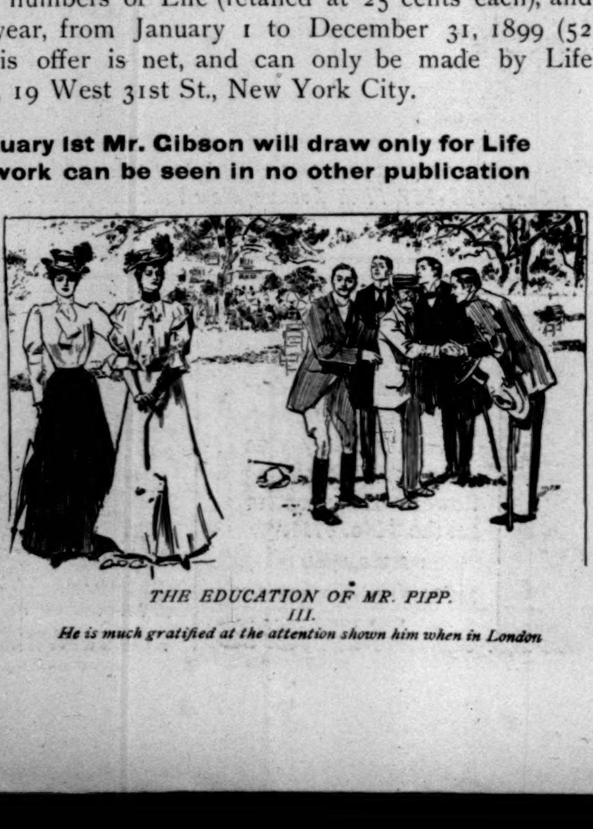

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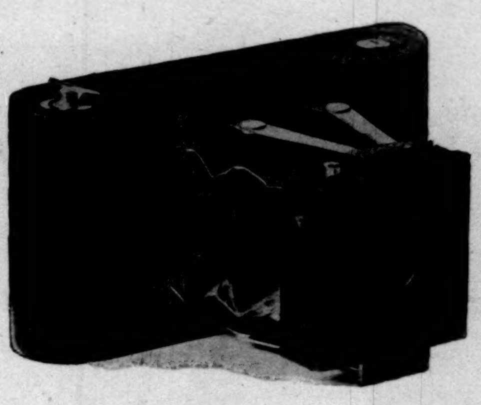

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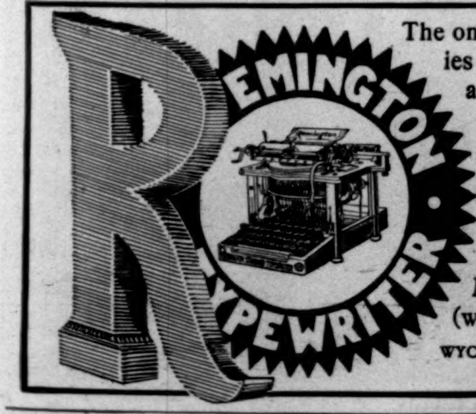

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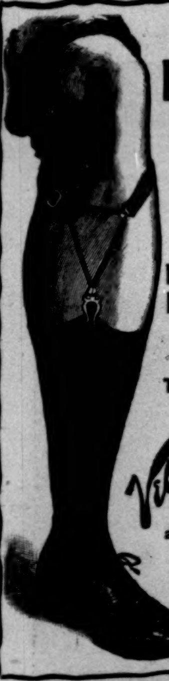

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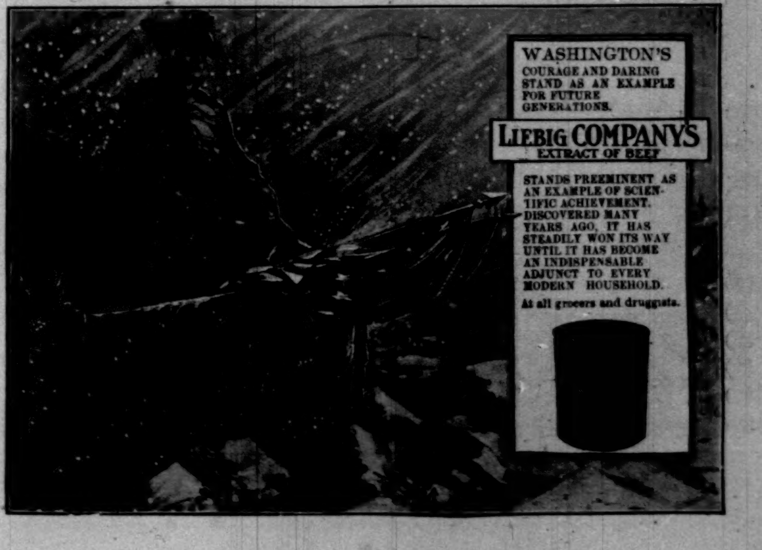

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COMPARATIVE SCORES OF THE EASTERN FOOTBALL SEASON OF 1898.

	Princeton.	Yale.	Harvard.	Univ. of Penn.	Cornell.	Brown.	Carlisle Indians.	West Point.	Annapolis.	Lafayette.	Wesleyan.	Dartmouth.	Williams.	Penn. State College.	Lehigh.	Amherst.	Univ. of Chicago.
Harvard		17-0, Nov. 19.		10-0, Nov. 5.		17-5, Nov. 12.	11-5, Oct. 29.	28-0, Oct. 15.				21-0, Oct. 8.	11-0, Oct. 1.			53-2, Oct. 12.	
Princeton		6-0, Nov. 12.			6-0, Oct. 22.	23-0, Oct. 29.		5-5, Nov. 5.	30-0.	34-0, Oct. 12.				5-0, Oct. 26.	21-0, Oct. 1.		
Yale	0-6, Nov. 12.		0-17, Nov. 19.			22-6, Oct. 19.	18-5, Oct. 22.	10-0, Oct. 29.			5-0, Oct. 1.		23-0, Oct. 8.			34-0, Oct. 5.	
Univ. of Penn.			0-10, Nov. 5.		12-6, Nov. 25.	18-0, Oct. 8.	35-5, Nov. 12.			32-0, Oct. 22.	17-0, Oct. 19.			40-0, Oct. 1.	40-0, Oct. 15.		23-11, Oct. 29.
West Point	5-5, Nov. 5.	0-10, Oct. 29.	0-28, Oct. 15.								27-8, Oct. 8.				18-0, Oct. 22.		
Cornell	0-6, Oct. 22.			6-12, Nov. 25.			23-6, Oct. 8.			47-0, Nov. 12.			12-0, Nov. 5.				
Wesleyan		0-5, Oct. 1.		0-17, Oct. 19.				8-27, Oct. 8.				23-5, Oct. 29.	22-0, Oct. 22.			33-0, Oct. 15.	
Carlisle Indians		5-18, Oct. 22.	5-11, Oct. 29.	5-35, Nov. 12.	6-23, Oct. 8.								17-6, Oct. 15.				
Brown	0-23, Oct. 29.	6-22, Oct. 19.	5-17, Nov. 12.	0-18, Oct. 8.								12-0, Nov. 21.					
Dartmouth			0-21, Oct. 8.			0-12, Nov. 21.					5-23, Oct. 29.		10-6, Nov. 12.			64-6, Nov. 5.	
Annapolis	0-30.									18-0.				16-11.	6-6.		
Lafayette	0-34, Oct. 12.			0-32, Oct. 22.	0-47, Nov. 12.				0-18.					0-5, Oct. 8.	0-22. 11-5.		
Williams		0-23, Oct. 8.	0-11, Oct. 1.		0-12, Nov. 5.		6-17, Oct. 15.				0-22, Oct. 22.	6-10, Nov. 12.				5-16, Nov. 19.	
Lehigh	0-21, Oct. 1.			0-40, Oct. 15.				0-18, Oct. 22.		22-0. 5-11.							
Penn. State Col.	0-5, Oct. 26.			0-40, Oct. 1.					11-16.	5-0, Oct. 8.							
Amherst		0-34, Oct. 5.	2-53, Oct. 12.								0-33, Oct. 15.	6-64, Nov. 5.	16-5, Nov. 19.				

spoiled their work by wretched fumbling. Yale had in Dudley, Durston, Townsend, Benjamin, Corwin, great possibilities, and yet injuries and fumbling very materially lessen the impression they left on the year. At least three of these men should make names for themselves next year under better handling.

Princeton had a couple of serviceable though not brilliant backs in Beardsley and Black, and Kafer showed possibilities had he been given longer practice. Wheeler was Princeton's best full-back, though he appeared in one half of only one game. Univ. of Penn.'s only dependable ground-gaining back was Outland, who in the Cornell game did some of the prettiest end running seen this year. Coombs was serviceable on occasion, but, barring Outland, Univ. of Penn.'s back field was mediocre.

Harvard's back field was very strong individually and collectively, Daly, Dibblee, Warren, and Reid working as a unit; West Point's back field was perhaps the second in strength, with Kromer, Waldron, Humphreys, and Romeyn—strong both in running and in kicking. Nor must we forget Richardson of Brown, Cayou and Hudson of the Indians, C. Young of Cornell—who played only in the Univ. of Penn. game, but did first-class work handling kicks and punting—and Whiting of Cornell.

Discussion of All-America team and Western football concluded next week. CASPAR WHITNEY.

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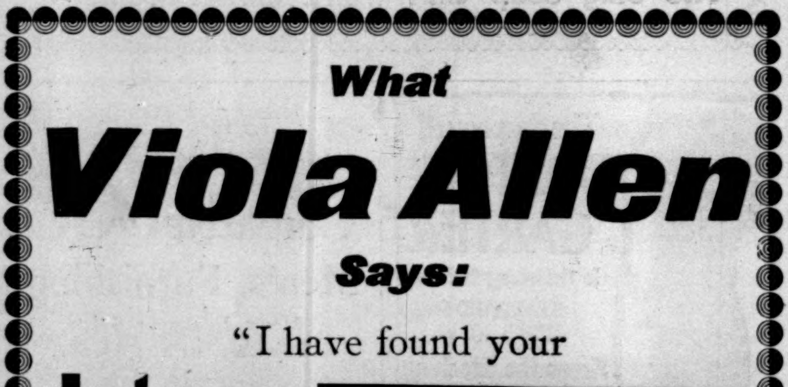
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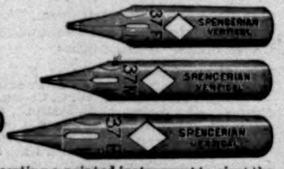

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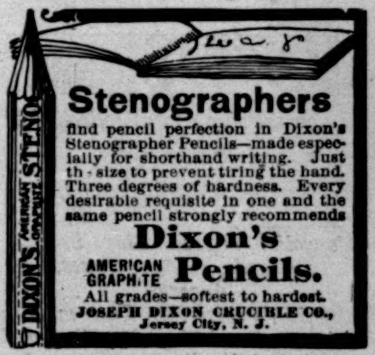

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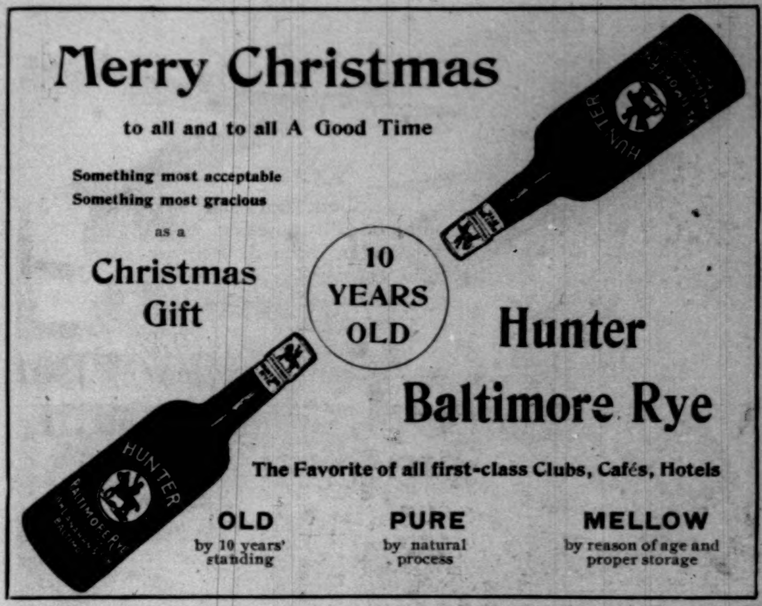

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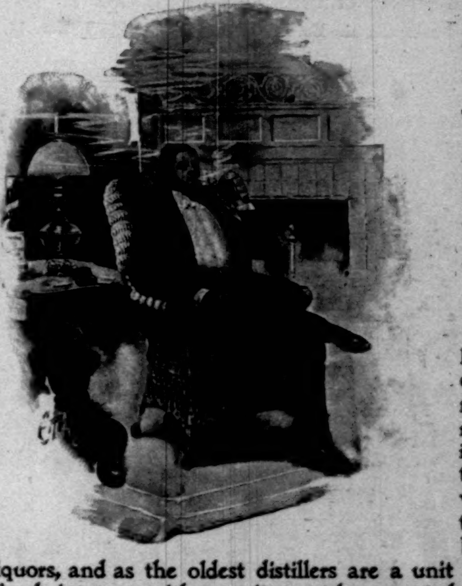

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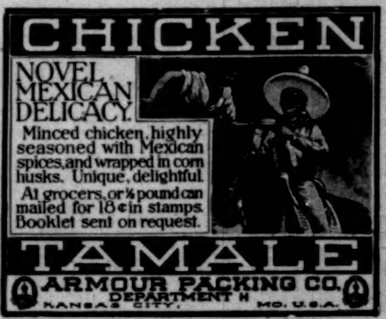

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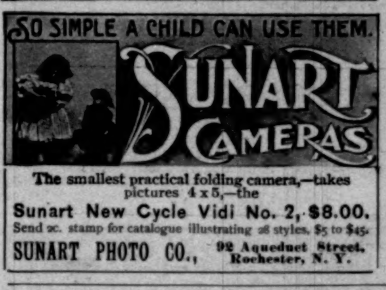

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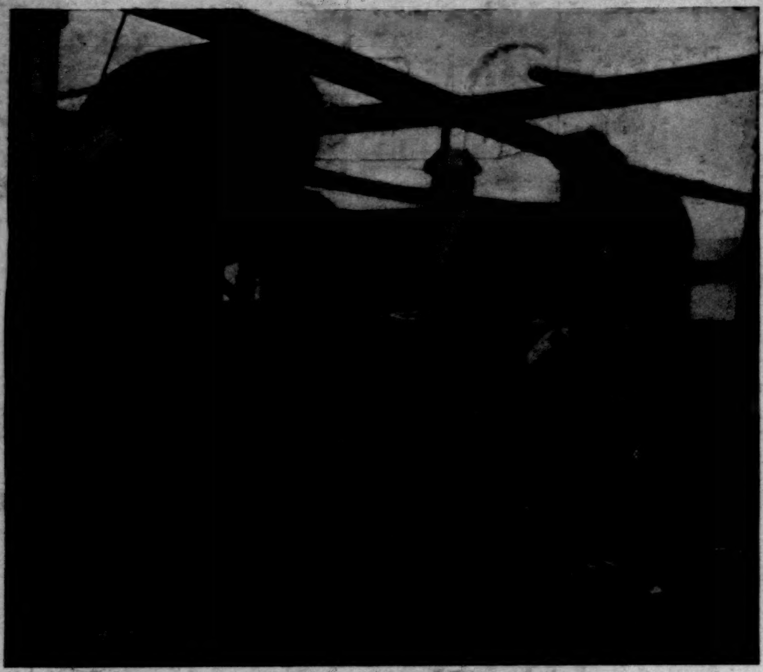

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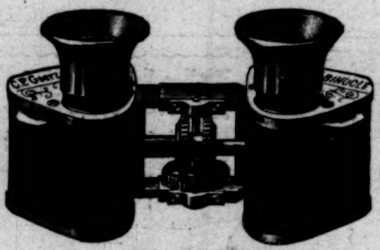

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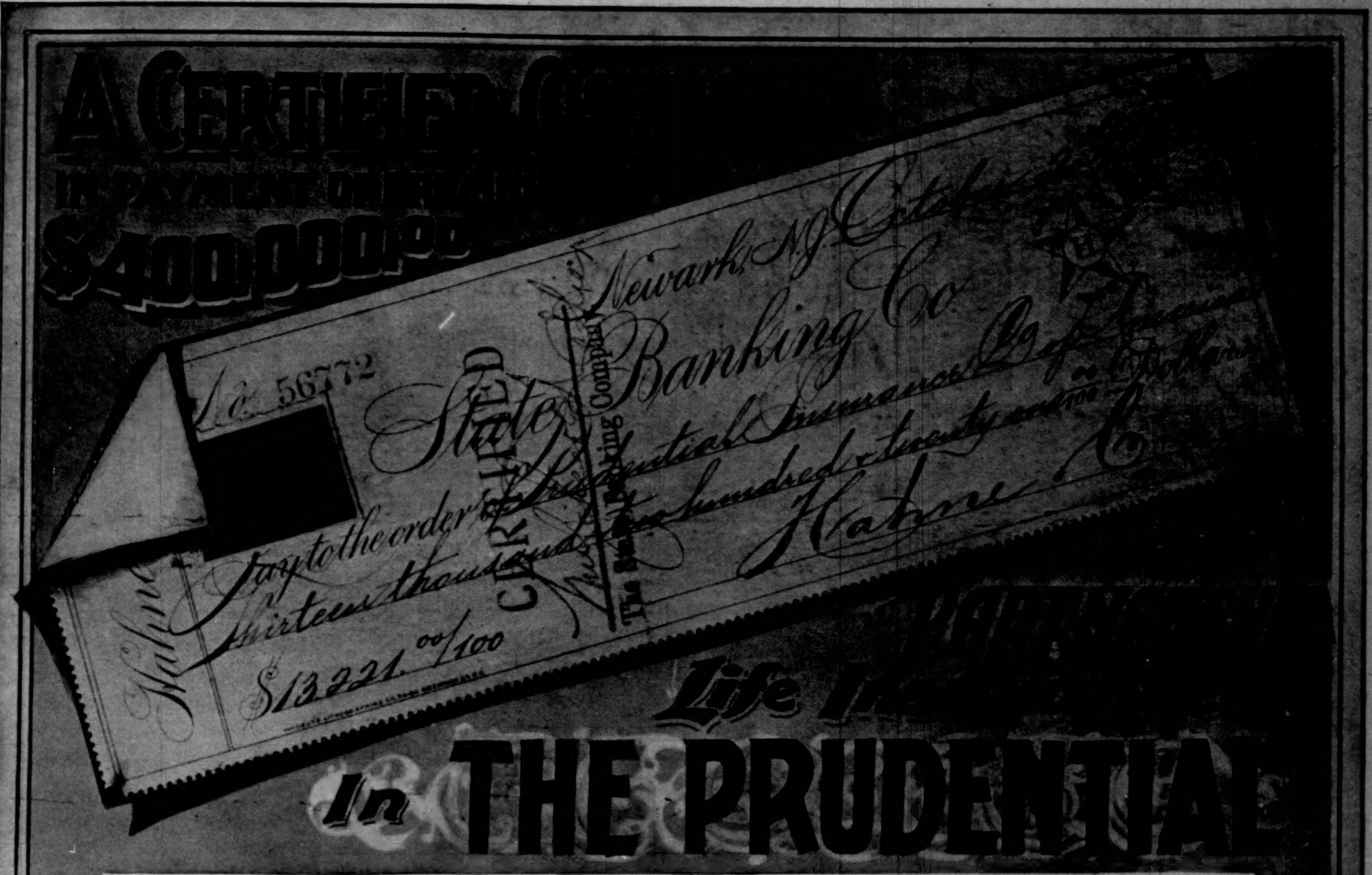
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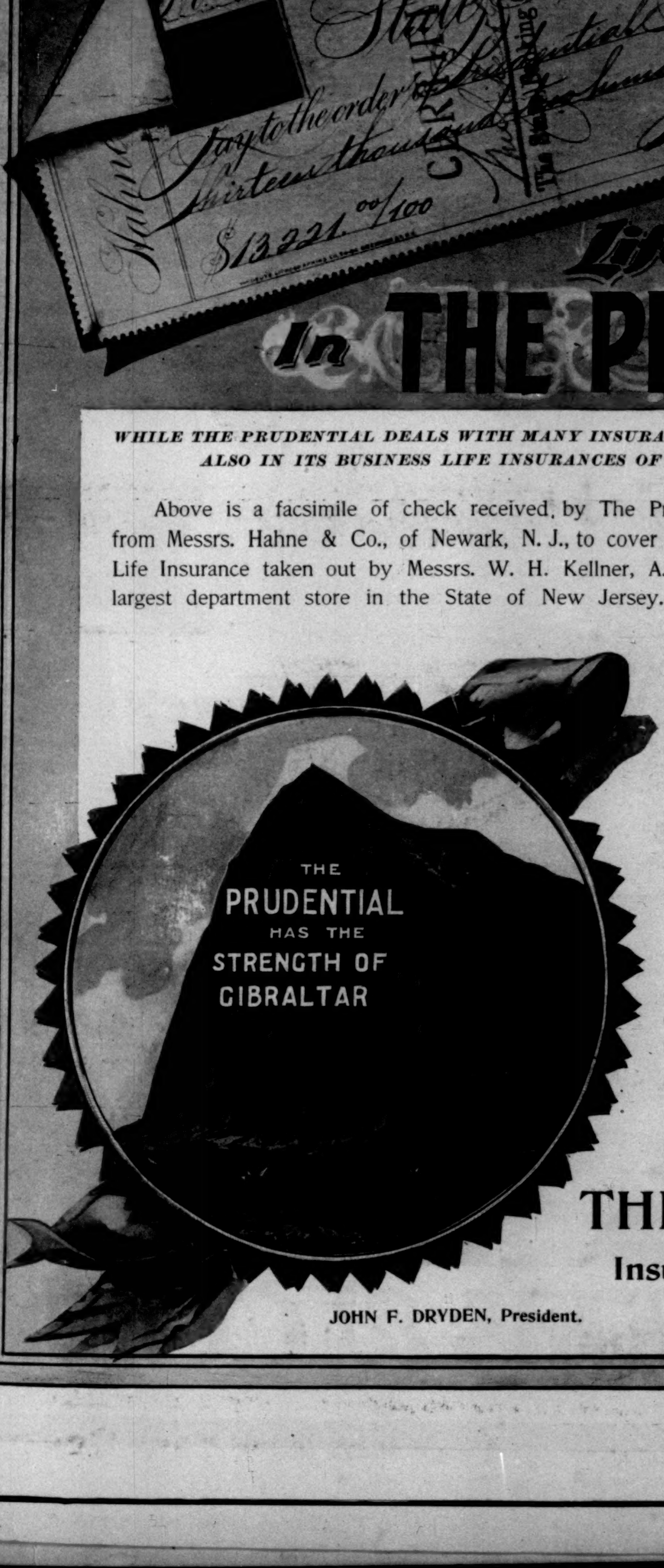

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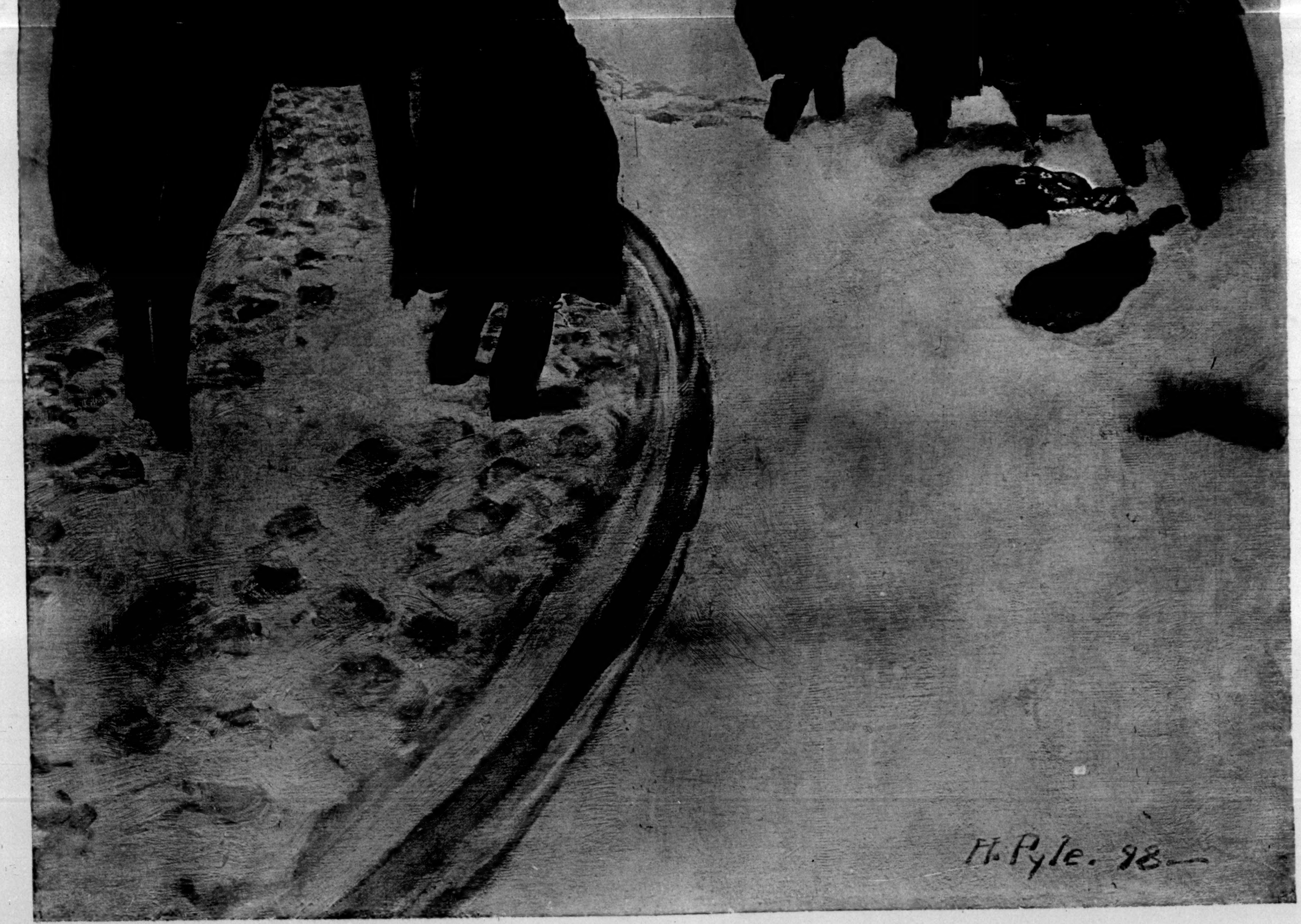

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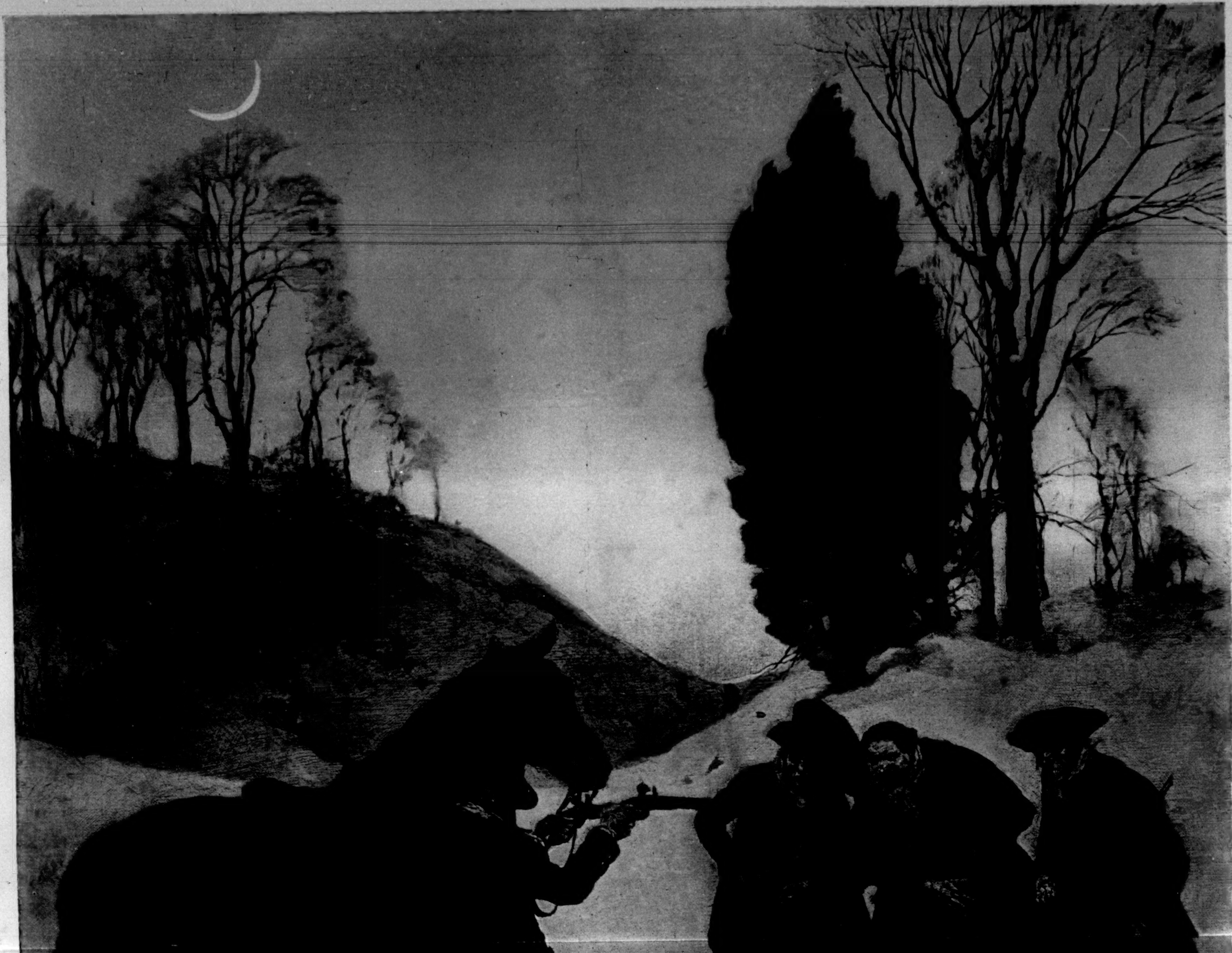GENERAL LIBRARY,
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